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SIXPENCE.



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: MOUNTED INFANTRY DRIVING BOERS FROM THE RAILWAY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank Stewart.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have received a long communication from Professor Bettink, of Utrecht University. This person distinguished himself six months ago by sending round the London newspaper offices an indictment of the British military authorities in South Africa. He made two specific charges—(1) That Boer prisoners of war had been sent to St. Helena in order that they might be quietly murdered; (2) That Boer women and children had been butchered by Kaffirs under the orders of British officers. Professor Bettink complains now that I ascribed his performance to lunacy. If I did so, it was a very charitable hypothesis. One does not like to think that a Professor at one of those Dutch Universities which justly boast some of the greatest traditions of European culture is a man who deliberately steeped his mind in crazy and abominable venom. After six months, what has Professor Bettink to say for those specific charges which he was challenged to make good? Some weeks ago I quoted Colonel Schiel's letter, testifying to the generous kindness he had received at St. Helena. Apparently he has not been quietly murdered. Professor Bettink throws doubt on this evidence because, he says, "the censure does not let a single letter pass unread, and keeps back those which contain unfavourable opinions or communications." I infer from this that the Boer prisoners who have been quietly murdered are not allowed to write and say so. They are all dead except Colonel Schiel, who was permitted by "the censure" to express his exuberant gratitude to find himself the sole survivor.

However, Professor Bettink is good enough to abandon the St. Helena charge in these gracious terms: "Supposing a moment that the prisoners of war in St. Helena are treated well, then there must be on that island a humane commander. I should like to ask whether England has more of such men who could be sent to South Africa. Humane commanders are wanted there dreadfully." To sneak out of one calumny by wriggling into another is Professor Bettink's method of evading moral responsibility. There is a still worse example. The monstrous lie about the butchering of women and children is now edited in this fashion "Hundreds of women and children, stripped of everything, have been driven into the wilderness, left to hunger and thirst and the tender mercies of British soldiers and Kaffirs. Deny it, Mr. Austin, if you dare!" Denial is not the form of criticism that one applies in cases like the present. A writer in the *Echo de Paris*, in an article entitled "The Triumph of the Gorillas," informs his readers that the British have employed against the Boers "trained apes" from the Australian backwoods. The ape story is quite as honest and credible as any of Professor Bettink's allegations; but I do not expect that it will be officially denied.

These specimens of the temper and intelligence of Professor Bettink do not incline me to give much attention to the long string of lies that he summons me to print *in extenso*. His ignorance is as gross as his malice. He says it was "unlawful" for Lord Roberts to expel the precious Hollanders from the Transvaal. He supposes that it is contrary to the usages of warfare to hold a district responsible for an attack on a train. He does not know that the burghers who became non-combatants by accepting the oath of neutrality, and then took up arms again, exposed themselves, according to the laws of war, to summary execution. He does not know that many of the men whom Lord Roberts treated with leniency would have been shot by a German commander without mercy, and with perfect justice. He does not know that instead of driving women and children into the wilderness to perish of hunger and thirst, Lord Roberts fed at Pretoria for many weeks the families of burghers who were still in the field. He does not know that a belligerent has a perfect right to deprive the enemy of supplies, and that when the British carry off the cattle from Boer farms this is not lawless plunder, but compulsory sale. He does not know that, except in cases where property has been justly confiscated for treachery, the Boer farmer has always been paid for his cattle at an exorbitant price. He does not know these things because his childish mind reasons like this: Boer independence is a righteous cause; the Boers are fighting for their independence; therefore, everything they do is noble, and everything the British do is inhuman.

And yet, I presume, this is a mind that must have some kind of appreciation at the University of Utrecht, although I cannot imagine what branch of knowledge it can be that Professor Bettink is thought sufficiently responsible to teach. Not history, surely, for this is the man who compares Lord Roberts to Alva and Wallenstein! I know both those personages very well; but I do not remember that either of them ever fed the families of the enemy when his own troops were actually on short rations. It is not by the fighting burghers in the Transvaal that Lord Roberts is likened to such worthies. He is not called Alva by Louis Botha or by that military genius, Christian de Wet. Such similitudes are reserved for a Dutch Professor, who knows as little about

the campaign in South Africa as he knows about the interior of China. I have quoted in this page the tribute paid to the British soldier by one of the keenest and calmest of our military observers. It occurred in Mr. Henry Nevinston's account in the *Daily Chronicle* of the British entry into Pretoria—one of the most admirable pieces of historical writing to be found in modern English prose. Mr. Nevinston described his amusement when he learned from frightened townspeople that "our good-natured, tender-hearted, rather sentimental British soldier" was expected to commit "atrocities." Observe the effect of this evidence on Professor Bettink: "If this picture be true, then the officers, the members of the best families, the gentlemen, are the authors of these horrors, horrors that remind us of Wallenstein's troops in the Thirty Years' War." He will have his horrors and his Wallenstein—this Professor of delirium.

It seems to be one of Professor Bettink's hallucinations that he has a mission to awake the English people to a sense of shame. Our nation, he tells me, "does not know much about the injustice done in this expedition of robbery and plunder. It does not know another language than its own, and so knows nothing, or very little, about the deep contempt felt for England in the whole civilised world on account of its acting in South Africa. . . ." Professor Bettink is mistaken. Englishmen were pretty well acquainted with this "civilised" opinion before he took to writing philippics in the English of Utrecht University. We all know the exquisite civilisation of the Jesuit factions in France and Italy, of the Tammany "bosses" in America, of that rancorous hatred of England that serves so many Germans and Dutch as a substitute for brains. We know all this, and we care no more about such opinion than we care about the moral disapproval of the rag, tag, and pigtail of China. There is not a military authority in Europe who would venture to arraign Lord Roberts's policy as contrary to the laws of war. Only your Professor, who knows nothing about war, talks of the English as common marauders when they capture the enemy's herds, and screams with virtuous rage when they burn the homesteads that have too long been utilised for infamous treachery by professing neutrals. I can tell Professor Bettink that the English nation knows to the letter how this campaign has been conducted, and has not the smallest warrant to feel ashamed on the score of humanity.

I have to thank several correspondents for divers courtesies. From Lisbon comes a charming letter, which shows that there are some Portuguese who do not revile England. Mr. Reginald Mitchell writes to correct a misapprehension as to the young student-interpreter who was made famous by his letter on the siege of the British Legation at Peking. "You give the writer's name as David Oliphant, who has since been killed. Of course, I do not know your source of information, but the letter published in the *Times* of July 16, from which you quote 'A rummy situation, and no mistake,' was written, I believe, and, in fact, am practically certain, by Walter Townsend, an old Marlborough, with whom I was at school. About the same time as the letter was published, I was shown the original of it by Townsend's brother, who was in the same house as myself at that time at Marlborough. I do not wish in any way to detract from David Oliphant's patriotism and fearlessness; but I think this is fairly conclusive evidence that the letter was not written by him. The original of the letter in the *Times* was sent to Marlborough for the editors of the *Marlboroughian* by Townsend's parents, and has since been published in the school paper." I am much indebted to Mr. Mitchell. It is to Walter Townsend we must transfer that particular laurel. I suggested that so noble a spirit would be fitly commemorated by a simple emblem in schools. At Marlborough the name of Walter Townsend ought to shine in gold letters, with a suitable inscription, not omitting the famous sentence that summed up the Peking crisis.

I want to appease the infuriated bosom of Mr. W. N. Patterson, of Russellville, Eastern Tennessee. Some weeks ago he read a paragraph in another part of this Journal, pleasantly commenting on the curiously isolated tone of the military despatches during the advance of the relief expedition to Peking. "The American commander never mentions the Russians and the French. It is well known that the Japanese have really won the victory in every engagement." In these harmless sentences Mr. Patterson has discovered a deadly insult to the American arms. "And yet England can't understand," he exclaims, "why she is so thoroughly hated!" We are ruined by our "intense self-conceit and offensive self-advertisement," vices that are evidently unknown at Russellville, Eastern Tennessee. "General Chaffee's force is composed of the flower of America's manhood." Who's denying of it, Betsy? "You have not his equal in brilliancy and length of service in your Army." Dear, dear! "General Chaffee and Admiral Remy are to-day a head and shoulders above the other leaders of the Allied forces." Why not "a head and shoulders" above Alexander, Napoleon, and Nelson?

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The flight of Mr. Kruger has strengthened the contention advanced in this column last week that the occupation of Lydenburg marked the real close of the war. With one exception the subsequent operations have been of but secondary importance. The exception alluded to is General French's occupation of Barberton, which was carried out on the 13th inst. in the masterly manner which has characterised all this distinguished cavalry leader's movements throughout the war. Barberton, which lies about 230 miles due east of Pretoria, and close to the Swaziland frontier, is a very important town, and has latterly been used as a depot for the supply of the Boer troops operating to the south and south-east. It is situated in a very difficult country, and might easily have offered a stubborn resistance. But by taking his cavalry across the mountains French completely surprised the garrison, and occupied the place without difficulty. An important result of this brilliant operation was the capture of forty-three locomotives and some rolling-stock, which will be particularly useful at this juncture. Over eighty prisoners of war were released, 100 Boers taken, and quantities of stores and ammunition captured.

Meanwhile, Buller has been advancing slowly but surely eastward from Lydenburg, meeting with some opposition on the "Devil's Knuckles," but successfully pushing it away. Simultaneously Pole Carew has been moving along the railway in the direction of Nelspruit, which bids fair to be the last place where anything like an organised resistance will be offered. An important point in our favour has been the establishment of communication as far back as Sunday last between Buller, Pole-Carew, and French, who should now have no difficulty in bringing these operations in the eastern extremity of the Transvaal to a speedy and definite conclusion.

In the Orange River Colony the Boers have split into two commandoes, with one of which MacDonald, with the Highland Brigade and Lovat's Scouts, came in contact on the 13th, near Tafel Kop, on the Winburg-Bloufontein road. He drove the enemy in great confusion across the Vet River, and captured a quantity of ammunition and stores, without losing a single man. For the rest, the operations consist entirely of incidental skirmishes, Lord Methuen, in particular, being kept constantly engaged in the neighbourhood of Mafeking. The Free Staters have again threatened the railway near Brandfort, but have been foiled by the watchfulness of Kelly-Kenny. These roaming bands will shortly be taken in hand by Hunter, and with their suppression all trouble should be at an end.

Meanwhile Mr. Kruger, at Lorenzo Marques, is uncertain of his next move. A correspondent who caught a glimpse of him in the house of the Portuguese Governor describes him as a man much aged and broken down. But in talk, at any rate, he still shows fight. He challenges the force of Lord Roberts's proclamations, and he denies that the war is at an end. It is hopeless, no doubt; but it is to be waged on the chance of something turning up—complications in Europe, for example. Mr. Berdell, the ex-Chief Commissioner of Police in the Transvaal, who shares with Mr. Kruger his retreat in Portuguese territory, has the same story to tell. "Time will prove," he told a correspondent this week, "that we are not nearly beaten. At the worst you may conquer us, but you will never subdue us." It is the old sentiment expressed by Lord Chatham, and cheered by generations of British school-boys: "If a foreign foe were to land in my country, I would never lay down my arms; never, never, never!" As a sentiment it is respectable; as a policy it is suicidal. Nor are there wanting indications that the Boers still in the field have come, or are rapidly coming, to that way of thinking.

Round Barberton General French is prosecuting his policy of following up the enemy, so that fifty more locomotives have been captured at Arcoa; while General Pole-Carew has occupied Kaap Muiden, and General Buller is on the track of the enemy, who retired to Belvedere when he entered Lydenburg. General Barton reports the placing of a guard in an entrenched position at the small bridge recently destroyed between Krugersdorp and Randfontein, and General Clements has got on the track of a party of Boers near Hexpoort. The West Australians have brought into Pretoria thirty-five prisoners—snipers whom they met during a ride of forty miles. Against these items for congratulation we have to set the death, in action, of Lieutenant H. T. Stanley, a very promising officer of the 45th Company of the Imperial Yeomanry. There has also been reported, on the authority of Kaffir runners, the capture by the Boers of an ambulance and five wagons on their way to join General Clements, after an encounter in which we had five killed. It is officially announced as we go to press that Stephenson's Brigade occupied Nelspruit on the 17th, and that Douglas came across a body of the enemy on the 12th near Lichtenburg, and captured thirty-nine prisoners.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The dissolution of Parliament has surprised nobody, for it was the general belief that the Parliament of 1895 would not meet again. Speculation had hesitated for a while between an autumn election and an election early next year; but it was widely recognised that any symptom of the winding up of affairs in South Africa would hasten the decision of the Government. Lord Roberts's proclamation of the annexation of the Transvaal put an end to all doubt. Much forcible criticism has been devoted to what is called a "khaki" appeal to the country, which is condemned by one party as a violation of ethical principles for the benefit of the Government. This is not the only time that a dissolution has been little to the taste of the Opposition. In January 1874 Mr. Gladstone suddenly dissolved a Parliament that had seen five sessions. He asked the constituencies to maintain him in office to abolish the Income Tax; and the Opposition, who had no expectation of winning the victory they actually did win, complained both of the dissolution and of what they called the flagrant bribe Mr. Gladstone had offered to the taxpayer.

Parliament will be dissolved on Sept. 25, and the elections will occupy twenty days. On Oct. 15 the polling will be over, although the returns for Orkney and Shetland may not be completed. The constituency of Orkney and Shetland is a weird thing that stands outside the commonplace machinery of the United Kingdom. If typhoons were to rage round Orkney and Shetland for weeks the British Constitution would break down, and a new Parliament might be unable to meet for the transaction of the most important affairs. It might be a good plan to give Orkney and Shetland writs for election a Parliament or two ahead, so that the new member might always be ready when he was wanted. Change of opinion would not matter, for opinions never change in Orkney and Shetland.

England, the mother of Parliamentary assemblies, remains the one country where a General Election is spread over three weeks, instead of being done with on one day. There is no valid reason why the borough and county elections should not be held simultaneously. The Presidential Election occupies one day in the United States without causing any inconvenience over a far wider area than that of the British Isles. In this country it is our custom to spin out the fun at a vast expense, and there is little chance that the system will ever be changed. In boroughs, on receipt of the writ, two clear days must elapse before the nomination. When the writ is received on Wednesday, Sept. 26, no candidate can be nominated till Saturday, the 29th, on which day, if unopposed, he may be duly returned, and all the bother will be over for him. If he be opposed, the polling may be fixed for Monday, Oct. 1, but that will be two sharp work for most returning officers, and the polling-day may be put off as far as Oct. 5. The county writs demand three clear days before nomination. A contested election may last nineteen days in a county. In this respect we have not advanced much on the leisurely habits of our forefathers, who often kept the poll open for a month. At any rate, there must be a lapse of five clear days before a county constituency can be expected to have collected its writs sufficiently to set about voting on them. Add the five days to the clear week between the intimation of the dissolution and the issue of the writs, and you have an impressive idea of British safeguards against political precipitation.

General Elections are usually fatal to the party that offers the electors a glowing account of its stewardship. Thirty-five years ago Palmerston, after six years of office, appealed to the country, and was rewarded with the comfortable majority of sixty. He was the only Minister to whom the country, in all that period, has cared to give a second term, and the honour was a barren one, for he died before the new Parliament met. Disraeli was rejected in 1865, Gladstone in 1874, Disraeli again in 1880. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone had resigned, and it was Lord Salisbury who dissolved. The result was a tie, neither Conservatives nor Liberals having a majority without the Irish vote. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone was defeated on a dissolution. In 1892 Lord Salisbury shared the same fate, and in 1895 the Liberal Administration coupled dissolution with disaster. This year, for the first time since the death of Palmerston, a Minister who appeals to the country will have a majority.

The conditions of the struggle are very unequal. In every constituency save one the Government candidate will appeal to a united body of supporters. The only exception that is yet apparent is the Southern Division of County Dublin, where Mr. Horace Plunkett is to be opposed by an Independent Unionist in the person of Mr. Ellington Ball. Mr. Ball represents the Irish Unionists who consider themselves aggrieved by the Government. "Shamefully betrayed and deserted," is Mr. Ball's description of their treatment. Elsewhere the accusation of betrayal and desertion is likely to be bandied among the Opposition candidates. Mr. Asquith has given a clear lead to the Imperialist section of the Liberal Party by acquiescing in the annexation of the South African Republics, and condemning the Government for their inadequate preparations for the war. This line is hotly repudiated by the Radicals, who deny that Mr. Asquith speaks for the majority of the party, and declare that they will vote for no candidate who does not condemn the annexation as immoral.

The General Election will be fought upon a register which was made up on July 15, 1899. Any citizen whose qualification is more recent than July 15, 1899, does not figure upon that register, and cannot vote. Had the election been postponed until November, the new register in Scotland would have come into force, and next January the new register will be working in England. But to adjust a dissolution in order to catch a register quite fresh has not hitherto been considered the paramount duty of a Minister, although the wail of the would-be voter who is not yet fledged for the poll adds a piquancy to electioneering cries.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FLORODORA" REVIVED AT THE LYRIC.

Though "Florodora" still remains the most agreeable and the most tuneful of the current musical comedies, it cannot be said to be improved by the alterations recently effected in its score and in its cast. True, the new whistling-song provided for Miss Kate Cutler is a decided advance on the music-hall ditty which preceded it in public favour. Miss Ada Reeve, too, benefits under the new order of things by a very pretty chassonnette, to which she does full justice. But the songs specially provided for the *rentrée* of Miss Florence St. John, who has succeeded Miss Evie Greene as prima donna, are scarcely worthy of that artist. Meantime Miss Kate Cutler sings, dances, and acts her part with all her customary refinement and grace; Miss Ada Reeve proves quite as alive to her own piquancy and *espièglerie* as is her audience; Mr. Willie Edouin has added a few new wizzes to his humorous interpretation of the phenologist; and Miss St. John herself still sings as sweetly as ever and acts with conventional coquetry in the entirely unsuitable rôle of Dolores. Miss Macintyre's dancing has a grace that should bring her further opportunities in her art.

THE MURDER OF THE HERON.

In a corner of my study the heron stands sentinel over a few rare books; and when I take one from its shelf, my memory goes back to the night of murder, and I repent me of a most unrighteous deed. This evening there is in the fresh chill air a sense of departing summer that recalls the season and circumstances to my mind. So I will seek solace in confession, and that, added to repentance, may yet purge my offence.

On an autumn afternoon some five years ago I went, gun in hand and dog at heel, to the marshes. A mist was preparing to blot out the village, in whose straggling high-street the oil-lamps, newly lit, fought hard against the invading twilight. Before me lay mile upon mile of Landshire marsh, flat, dyke-seamed, houseless; to the right the Whitewater lumbered heavily towards the ocean. Gulls screamed overhead, plover rose in sudden aimless flight, and far away against the skyline a wedge-shaped company of wild duck sought their resting-place.

I walked along the sea-wall to the white gate, and then tramped slowly through the fields. A great covey of partridges rose with a whirl of wings to settle by the ditch less than one hundred yards away. I did not follow them. A hare rose from its form fifteen paces away. I made no sign, and puss ran rapidly out of sight, putting up another covey of birds in her flight. Even the sudden exit of a mallard and duck from the brow of the fleet left me unmoved to my own manifest folly.

By the farther gate I stayed to watch the massing of the legions of the mist. They came in little groups from pools to which autumn had brought the rain, from swampy places where the jack-o'-lantern lights his fires at night; they spread in their might over the earth, threatening the traveller's land-marks. And over the countless squadrons of King Mist floated the despairing cry of the wild-fowl, grieving that the summer had gone and that autumn had brought the pitiless gunners to the confines of their home. Then I looked seaward and saw how, out of the distance, a great bird took flight towards me. Instinctively I crouched below the gate. The wings grew, the head became visible, I could see the legs tucked up to the breast-feathers, and recognised a heron. He came down slowly and deliberately, looking for a tempting place in the ditch, and as he approached a horrid lust of slaughter came upon me. I know not whence nor why. Until that moment I had known a subdued evening joy. I was at peace with all the world of fur and feather round me. The heron had changed all that: he was a splendid bird, a dweller in cloudland, master of the great mysteries of marsh life; the earth could not control him; be it my task, I thought, to stay his flight. Down he came, gracefully, cautiously, to a point where the marsh ditch turned some thirty-five yards from the gate, and as he settled I stood up suddenly. He rose in an instant, prepared for flight, but before the heavy beat of wings had carried him twenty yards into the air, I had taken careful aim, and fired. The great bird turned, rose high in the air, and then came down on his feet some two fields away. I followed, and before I reached the spot my momentary excitement had gone; I was indifferent. I reached the heron, and a great shame overwhelmed me. He stood erect like a man and eyed me with a stern inquisitive look. If that look could have become articulate it would have said: "You have murdered me. I am not fair game for a gun nor food for the table. You have killed me out of very wantonness, have invaded this waste place where I dwell in peace, and destroyed a harmless life. Be ashamed now and for all time."

I let my gun slide on to the thick damp grass; my dog made no attempt to move without an order, and I waited stupidly for the end, hoping against hope that my victim would rise in flight a second time. But I saw the head sink slowly, the pinions droop, and presently the heron shivered slightly and fell dead. I looked round guiltily; only the evening had seen my shame, but Scamp looked up at me uneasily, as though wondering why I had done so wickedly. The gun lay at my feet; I picked it up and withdrew the cartridges, then I lifted the heron from the ground and made my way from the field. By the time I reached the sea-wall the mist was everywhere, and though it was cold, wet, and penetrating, I was glad, for it hid me from the night and from the stars.

Sometimes on an autumn evening, when the guns are preparing to rest from their labours after a good day's sport, a heron will come from the wood on the hill above the water, and spread its wings towards the sea. Men have said to me, "I'll shoot one of those fellows and have him stuffed for my smoking-room or library," and I intercede promptly on the heron's behalf, and beg, as a personal favour, that none may be touched. In this way I have stood between many a heron and sudden death, and I hope that some day I shall be able to look above the shelf that guards the books I hold most dear, without the feeling of shamed regret that comes to me now as I write.—S. L. B.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, July 31, 1900, at the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Canada, by the Rev. Samuel Lyle, D.D., Alexander Herbert Eckford, High River, Alberta, only son of Major Eckford, Large, Scotland, to Christina Mary, fourth daughter of William Hendrie, Esq.

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EVERY SATURDAY DURING SEPT. (for 3, 6, 10, 15, or 17 Days).

8 a.m. for Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, B. & N. Bay, Saltburn, 10 a.m. for Hull, York, Doncaster, Leeds, Wakefield, &c. 10 a.m. for Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, St. Anne's, Lytham, 12 noon for Grimsby, New Cleve, Cleethorpe, Chester (Northgate).

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 29 (for 3, 6, or 8 Days).

8 a.m. for Bridlington, Filey, Middleburgh, Newcastle, Scarborough, and York. 10 a.m. for Knitford, Northwich, St. Helens, Southport, Wigan, Bolton, 12.20 a.m. for Barnsley, Bradford, Dewsbury, Halifax, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham (Victoria), Sheffield (Victoria), Wakefield, 12 noon for Chester, Leicester, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Hull, Bedford, Woking, 2.40 p.m. for Chesterfield, Heath, Kirby and Pinxton, Pilley, Tibshelf Town, 6 p.m. for Colchester, Faversham, Maidstone, Woodford, and Histon, 7.45 p.m. for Brackley, Leicester, Loughborough, Lutterworth, Rugby Central.

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PERSONAL.

The statement that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Ireland early in the coming year in order to lay the foundation-stone of the new Royal Victoria Hospital at Belfast is officially confirmed. The hospital, it will be remembered, is to be a permanent memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Their Royal Highnesses are to be the guests of the Marquis of Londonderry at Mount Stewart, County Down.

The announcement that the Duke and Duchess of York are to visit the Colonies of Australasia in the spring of next year has caused widespread satisfaction, especially the news that his Royal Highness will open the first session of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in the Queen's name. Details of the visit are at present not obtainable, but it is probable that the precedent set by the Prince of Wales when he visited India in 1875 will be followed to a great extent with regard to the method of travel.

Major A. St. Hill Gibbons, of the 3rd East Yorkshire Regiment, is the latest recruit to the ranks of great African travellers.



Photo, Lambert Weston.
MAJOR A. ST. H. GIBBONS,
The African Explorer.

He has just returned from his journey of over two years' duration, having done some thirteen thousand miles, not counting distances covered by train and steamship routes. Another and all but unique point of his expedition is that it has been a bloodless one. The country from the Kafukwe River on the east, to the Kwito River on the west, and a portion of the Zambesi-Congo watershed—a total area of over 200,000 square miles—Major Gibbons has hydrographically and ethnographically surveyed. His mapping-out of the Marotse country is now complete, thanks to the help given by Captain Quicke, Captain Hamilton, and the other members of the expedition. Among the "finds" made by the Major was that of an entirely new tribe of bushmen, who were at first alarmed, but afterwards operated on, by the camera.

It is a grave political misfortune for the handful of politicians who agree with him that Mr. John Morley is prevented by hoarseness from addressing public meetings just now. It is a grave literary misfortune for the whole community, for Mr. Morley's speeches are probably the only speeches in an electoral campaign that would be read with pleasure by any lover of sound English. He must console himself with Mr. Morley's "Cromwell," which will soon be published, and with the "Life of Gladstone," when that is at last given to the world.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., who takes the Aldershot command until it is resumed by Sir Redvers Buller, is sixty-three years of age, and has had a life filled with service and adventure.



Photo, Russell.
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER,
Appointed to the Command at Aldershot.

Canada, Asbanti, Zululand, and Egypt—the Egypt of Tel-el-Kebir and the Egypt of the Nile Expedition—have afforded him the double opportunity for the exercise of his high military abilities and for the production of volumes that give the civilian an insight into the game of war. Sir William Butler has held the command at Alexandria, at Dover, at Cape Town, and at Devonport; nor does he now vacate the command of the Western District, while temporarily taking up duty at Aldershot. Lord Wolseley's recent speech about the training of young troops has rendered necessary a large task of reorganisation to be dealt with adequately by only the most able hands. That it has fallen to Sir William Butler's is, under all the conditions, matter of congratulation to the General himself, to the War Office, and certainly to the country at large.

Lord Tredegar has presented Bedwellty House and its beautifully wooded grounds to the town of Tredegar, the sole stipulation being that a rental of £1 per annum is to be paid. The extent of the gift is twenty-eight acres.

M. Grébaud, President of the Paris Municipal Council, announces that the banquet at the Hôtel de Ville will not be given. This was the feast to which the Lord Mayor unwisely accepted an invitation, without reflecting that M. Grébaud is one of the worst Anglophobes in France, and that his precious banquet was designed to be a demonstration against the French Government. M. Grébaud now says that it had no such object, but that was the light in which a great many Frenchmen not unnaturally viewed it.

Mr. William Corden, whose death is announced, was a painter of the British school, whose work had the good fortune to find favour with the Queen. In all, nearly four hundred portraits and sketches from his brush had passed into possession of her Majesty during the last forty years. Born, like the Queen herself, in 1819, Mr. Corden was the son of a Court Painter to George IV. and King William. His first artistic journey was to Coburg, whither he went to execute some commissions for Queen Victoria at an early period of her reign. Later he proceeded to Lisbon to paint portraits of the Portuguese royal family, which now hang at Buckingham Palace. Drawings of Louis Philippe, of the Czar who ruled the Russias before the Crimea, of the first Khedive of Egypt to come to this country, were painted during the visits of these potentates to Windsor. The Queen's own children in infancy were frequently sketched by Mr. Corden. His death took place at Newbury, a town in which he latterly had his home.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CORDEN,
Many of whose pictures were bought by
H.M. the Queen.

Mr. Leonard Courtney has wisely decided not to contest the Bodmin division of Cornwall. Mr. Courtney's political position is too peculiar for the plain elector to understand, and he is best out of the Parliamentary sphere altogether.

By the death of Lady Georgiana Grey, in her hundredth year, an interesting link with the past is broken. She was the oldest resident at Hampton Court Palace, where the average age of occupants is said to be always high; and her memories went back to days when, as a remarkably beautiful young woman, she danced with men who became the property of history three-quarters of a century ago.

Her father, Earl Grey, the Reformer, was the Prime Minister who preceded Lord Melbourne—a name that takes us back to the accession of Queen Victoria. There are not many ladies who, maintaining first and strongest impressions, continue to look on the Queen as a young woman, a junior by twenty years. Lady Georgiana Grey was one such; and the letters she received from her Majesty, as well as the medal sent to her at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, testified to the interest taken by the Queen in her most venerable friend, and one of the most venerable of all her subjects.

Lady Sybil Myra Caroline Primrose, Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter, attained her twenty-first birthday on Tuesday last. As usual, Lord Rosebery gave a dinner to his tenantry at Dalmeny. Sports were held in the park for the children on the estate.

More than enough has been heard during the progress of the war in South Africa about European officers and men as Boer leaders and allies. A more agreeable item, which comes to us from the Cape, concerns Captain Vincent, a Frenchman born in Paris in 1833, who entered the French navy when he was thirteen, and saw active service at Sebastopol. Later, he fought for the land of his birth in Madagascar. Emigrating to South Africa, he settled in King William's Town, where he did good work for the British in the Kafir Wars at the end of the 'seventies. Afterwards, in Basutoland, he was severely wounded, but was again in the field throughout the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1885. Throughout the current war Captain Vincent has again been our comrade-in-arms, serving with Brabant's Horse; and he has not been alone. Four of his sons have been with him at the front fighting for England.



CAPTAIN VINCENT,
A Frenchman Wounded in British Service.

Mr. Kruger is detained at Lorenzo Marques as a guest of the Portuguese Government, which very properly will not let him employ neutral territory for carrying on his political schemes. An absurd fuss is made in Paris about the supposed desire of Portugal to hand Mr. Kruger over to the British Government. The British Government has no desire to infringe Mr. Kruger's personal liberty; but it would like to relieve him of the treasure he is carrying out of the Transvaal. To this he has no moral right whatever. It is gold out of mines that are private property, and Mr. Kruger appropriates it for the service of his schemes.

Mr. Michael Davitt, it seems, ceased to believe in the Boers months ago. He advised them to surrender in May, when he came to the conclusion that the war was prolonged simply to accumulate "bars of gold for the old man, Paul Kruger." The President had assured him that wonderful things would be done at Kroomstad to withstand Lord Roberts, and Mr. Davitt wrote to his "papers" (probably American) about these wonderful things, and when they did not come off he felt that he had been made a fool of.

Admiral Sir Robert H. More-Molyneux, K.C.B., the new President of the Royal Naval College, is the youngest son of the late Mr. James More-Molyneux, of Loseley Park, Guildford. A midshipman on the *Sans Pareil* during the Crimean War, he took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol; and, later, had a turn on the West Coast of Africa in the suppression of the slave trade. He was Captain of the *Ruby* in the Aegean Sea during the Russo-Turkish War; and Captain of the *Invincible* during the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when his ship carried the flag of the Commander-in-Chief during the bombardment of Alexandria. Later he became Commodore in command of the Red Sea Division of the Mediterranean Fleet; and defended Suakim and the Coast of the Red Sea in 1884, being further employed next year during the campaign in the Eastern Sudan. As Captain-Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, and then as Admiral-Superintendent at Devonport, he has done excellent service on shore; and will have good opportunities of going on with it in the important post now assigned to him.



Photo, Heath, Upmouthe.
ADMIRAL SIR R. MORE-MOLYNEUX,
The New President of the Royal Naval College.

A difference of etiquette appears to prevent the Sultan from receiving the Shah. The Shah wants the reception at some particular place, and the Sultan objects to it. It would seem that the Shah is huffed, and that the Sultan remains calm. It is to be hoped that European diplomacy has sufficient time to spare from China to prevent these two Oriental potentates from quarrelling.

Captain Sir Alfred Jephson, R.N., after a long illness, has died at 26, Bolton Street, Piccadilly. Born in 1841, he was educated at Leamington College, and entered the Navy when he was thirteen, and, as a naval cadet on the *Queen*, he served in the Black Sea during the Russian War. He was on the *Sans Pareil* at Calcutta during the Indian Mutiny; and in 1860 took part in the capture of Canton. Three years later, in the attack on the batteries at Kagoshima, Japan, he received his first wound. A little more fighting in Japan during the following year ended his record of active service; and he retired with the rank of Captain in 1889. Two years later he acted as honorary secretary to the very successful Naval Exhibition in London; and the honour of knighthood marked the public appreciation of his services on that occasion. Sir Alfred afterwards acted as Agent-General to the Niger Coast Protectorate, paying a visit to the West Coast and taking part in the operations against Chief Nana at Benin River. He was for a short time assistant secretary to the Imperial Institute; and as Secretary-General to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, of which he was also a Knight of Justice, he went on a special mission to Palestine. Sir Alfred, in whom the Prince of Wales loses an old friend, married in 1873 Harriet, daughter of Archibald Campbell, of Thornhill, Quebec, and this lady survives him.



Photo, Trenchard, Cannes.
THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR ALFRED JEPHSON, R.N.

The Allied Commanders at Peking have held a meeting, and have decided that looting shall cease. It took four hours' discussion to reach this conclusion. We perceive that up to that point the Allied troops have looted without stint, and that their commanders have thought it perfectly legitimate. It would be interesting to have this explained by some authority on international military law.

Prince Hans. Princess Louise of Schaumburg-Lippe. Crown Prince of Denmark. Prince Julius. Duchess of Cumberland. Duke of Cumberland. Prince Christian. Princess Alexandra. Princess Grand Duke Michael. King George of Greece. Princess Thyra. Princess Waldemar. Prince Waldemar.



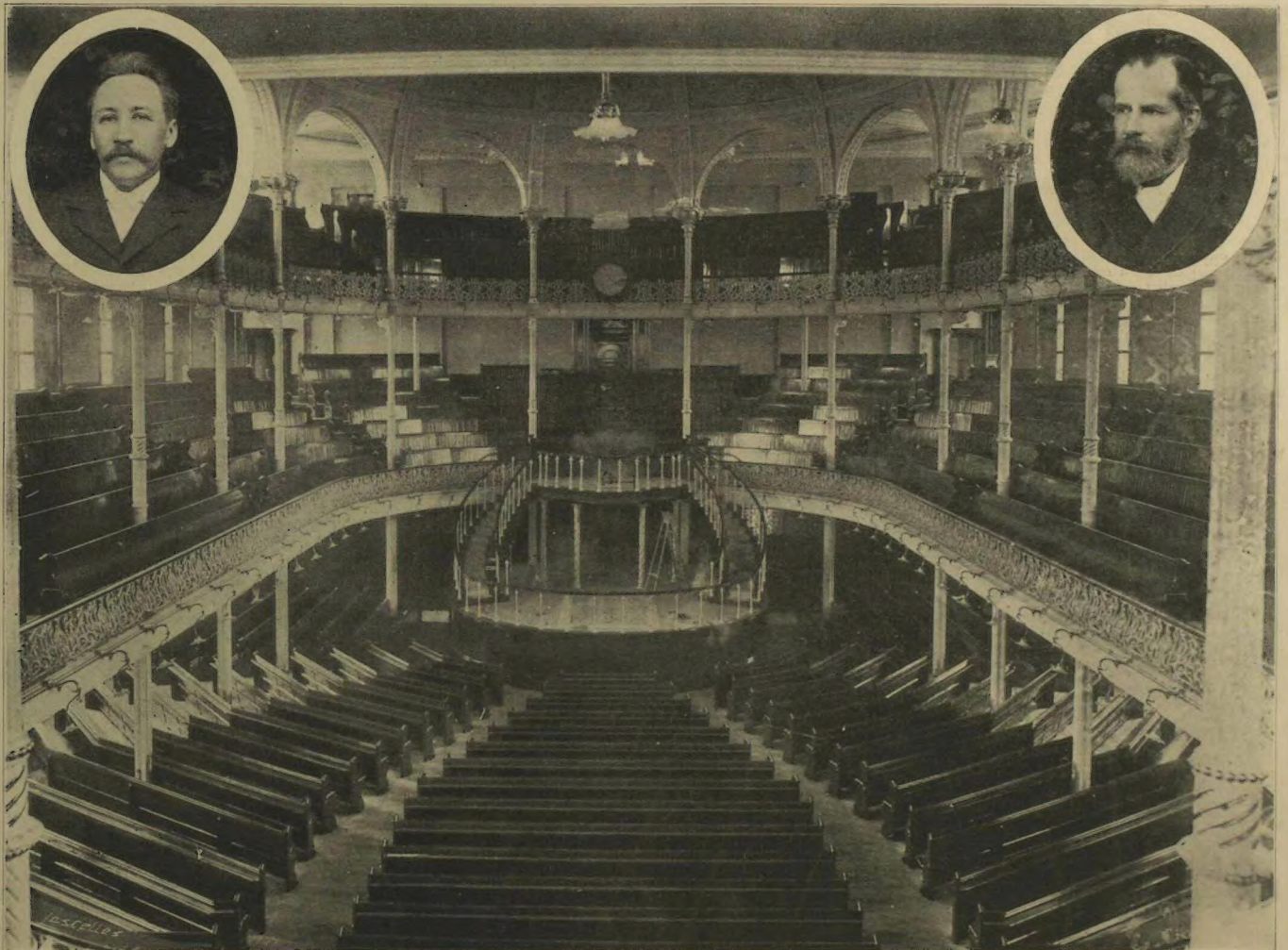
Princess Dagmar. Princess Alexandra. Princess Olga. Dowager Empress of Russia. King Christian of Denmark. Princess of Wales. Princess Marie of Greece. Prince Eric.

A ROYAL GROUP AT COPENHAGEN.

THE REV. T. SPOURSON, PASTOR.

Photograph by Danielsen, Copenhagen.

THE REV. C. B. SAWDAY, ASSISTANT PASTOR.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE AT NEWINGTON BUTTS: INTERIOR OF BUILDING, LOOKING TOWARDS PULPIT.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL GROUP AT COPENHAGEN.

The date of the Princess of Wales's return from the land of her birth to the land of her adoption is set down as about the middle of October. Meanwhile, her Royal Highness has had the usual amusements of her old-home holiday, the usual joys of reunion with the members of the family, scattered over the thrones of Europe, but called together at this new annual gathering at the summer palace of the King of Denmark. The Princess has had also the customary sorrows of the occasion, caused by those vacant places in the family group that her mother and the rest occupied of old. She has had another routine experience—the sitting to the photographer. The royal group, as shown in our reproduction, will be regarded by the public with the interest that belongs to all that closely concerns the Princess of Wales and the members of her family. If it has its pathos, for the reason already named, it has its pleasures of hope also in speculations regarding the future of its younger members. Their seniors need not fear eclipse, for the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the King of Denmark can never surpass his children in the brilliance of their destiny; nor, one may add, of its ladies, in the enduring brilliance of their beauty.

WEST AFRICANS AT BALMORAL.

A detachment of the West African Frontier Force is on a visit to England, and has been inspected by the Queen. It was a significant little pageant of Empire that was enacted at Balmoral when the Queen had before her these two groups of Yoruba Engineers and Madras Sappers. At Aberdeen, on their way north, they marched through the streets—the Yorubas with bare feet—to the music of a piper of the Gordons and the cheers of the crowd. Captain Molesworth is in charge of the detachment, and nobody knows better than he the value of the co-operation of native braves during recent events at Kumasi. The story of that siege is only just becoming fully known with the arrival of Sir F. Hodgson in England. Kumasi, in fact, supplied the counterpart of the Peking experience—all hope abandoned, but relief at last.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PICTURES.

The war wanes to its end. The annexation of the Transvaal has been followed by the proclamation of martial law; and strong measures are to be taken to prevent, or to punish, the raids of scattered forces of Boers upon points left of necessity unprotected. The foe, if he takes cattle, is now described as "stealing" it; and if he shoots his opponent, when making a sally upon railway communications, he may be treated as if he had murdered him. Lord Roberts, in adopting these methods, has, of course, only one end in view—the winding up of the war. His own anxiety to return home, where pressing duties await him, is only a small consideration among the many larger ones that dictate this policy. At any rate, the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa has fewer merely personal reasons than most of his comrades for a speedy home-coming; for he has his family with him, as we are reminded by the photograph of Lady Roberts and her two daughters, reproduced to-day. Another portrait is that of Mr. Schalk Burger, who is naturally regarded by Lord

Roberts and by Mr. Kruger with different eyes. Hitherto, when a President of the South African Republic crossed the frontier, an Acting President has been elected in his place. With Mr. Kruger's retirement to Lorenzo Marques, the old official wheels creaked, and Mr. Schalk Burger took the title of Acting President. Great Britain does not recognise the office, any more than Lord Roberts now recognises in the broken Boer armies technical belligerents. Our Illustrations include a view of Barberton, where General French was able to take much Boer stores and many locomotives—the latter a particularly useful capture, if only for the British prisoners released in the neighbourhood and ready for a trip to Pretoria. The fighting at Retief's Nek also

timbered houses; but the picturesqueness has mostly disappeared. The city is all for utility. Its firms are world-famous—such as Lord Armstrong's gigantic Ordnance, Shipbuilding, and Hydraulic Works, which extend for a mile and a quarter on one side of the river, and give employment to thirteen thousand men and boys. Once the smoke of Newcastle is left behind, there is smiling country, and a coast, when you get a little way north, that has a romance of its own. Tynemouth Priory belongs too much to the sea-suburbs of Newcastle; but Bamborough and Holy Island, otherwise called Lindisfarne, still keep for the most part their ancient freshness. Jarrow Church, with its memories of Venerable Bede, will have many visitors; so will Hexham Abbey Church, founded by St. Wilfred in 674; and so, too, will Durham Cathedral, lifting its towers with proud frankness, but enclosing the mystery of St. Cuthbert's last resting-place.

Indian Servant.

Lady Roberts.



General Smith-Dorrien.

Photo. W. H. Gill.

LADY ROBERTS AND HER DAUGHTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

supplies the subject for an illustration; and in another is depicted an episode of Buller's advance, where mounted infantry are seen clearing the railway from the attacks of the enemy.

CHURCH CONGRESS AT NEWCASTLE.

The Church Congress to be held next week seems likely to attract a large crowd to Newcastle-on-Tyne, a city of which it can be said that if it is not itself beautiful it has at least beautiful surroundings. Newcastle came into being when it was made the second station of defence on the line of the great Wall of Hadrian. That was the old castle; and a new one, which gave its name to the place, was built by Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror, after a war he had waged against Malcolm of Scotland. William Rufus rebuilt it, and made it the scene of a struggle between himself and Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland. The keep of the castle, as built by Henry II., still stands. Close at hand is St. Nicholas Cathedral, founded by Osmund, Bishop of Old Sarum, at the close of the eleventh century, and justly famous for its steeple. St. Andrew's and other churches of the city are almost equally ancient; and the Roman Catholics, beginning to build anew, have a standard specimen of Pugin's work in St. Mary's Cathedral; and own also a fine Romanesque building in St. Dominic's, besides several others. Of ancient streets, the Side and Sandhill retain relics of old

its predecessor's general lines. Though its cost is estimated at £46,000, it was opened without debt, the insurance-money of the old building being augmented by liberal subscriptions. With our view of the interior of the building, looking towards the pulpit, are given portraits of Pastor T. Spurgeon and of his assistant, the Rev. C. B. Sawday. The membership of the Tabernacle is put down at a total of four thousand.

THE TEXAS HURRICANE.

The number of victims of the Galveston hurricane is greater even than it was at first supposed to be. Of the buildings that are now mostly or wholly ruins a good idea may be gained from the views on another page, reproduced from photographs put at our disposal by Mr. Coulson. No tornado was ever more suddenly and entirely calamitous to a community; nor was the area of disaster so limited as was at first supposed. News has since been received that High Island, a seaside place in the extreme south-west of Jefferson County, full of holiday-makers for the season, had the hurricane for an unwelcome and untimely guest. Out of about a thousand houses not one is left, and from among the wreckage four hundred dead bodies were disinterred in a single day. Messages of sympathy with the sufferers have been forwarded to the United States Government by most of the crowned heads of Europe, Lord



Captain Molesworth.

Photo. Bull.

THE YORUBAS WHO WERE INSPECTED BY THE QUEEN ON SEPTEMBER 19.

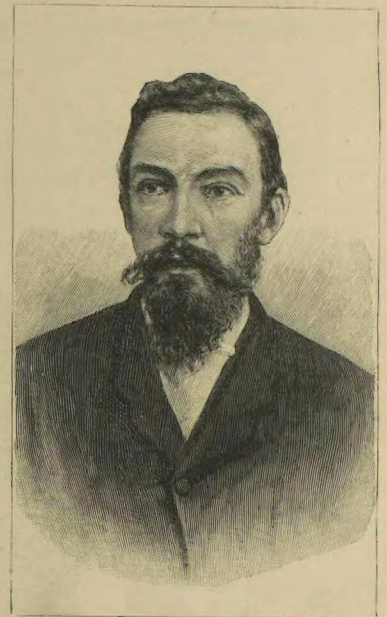


Photo. Bull.

THE MADRAS SAPPERS AND MINERS WHO WERE INSPECTED BY THE QUEEN ON SEPTEMBER 19.



THE FIGHTING AT RETIEF'S NEK: THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY ADVANCING.

Sketch (Pencil) by Private Farquharson, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

GENERAL SCHALK BURGER.

ELECTED ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

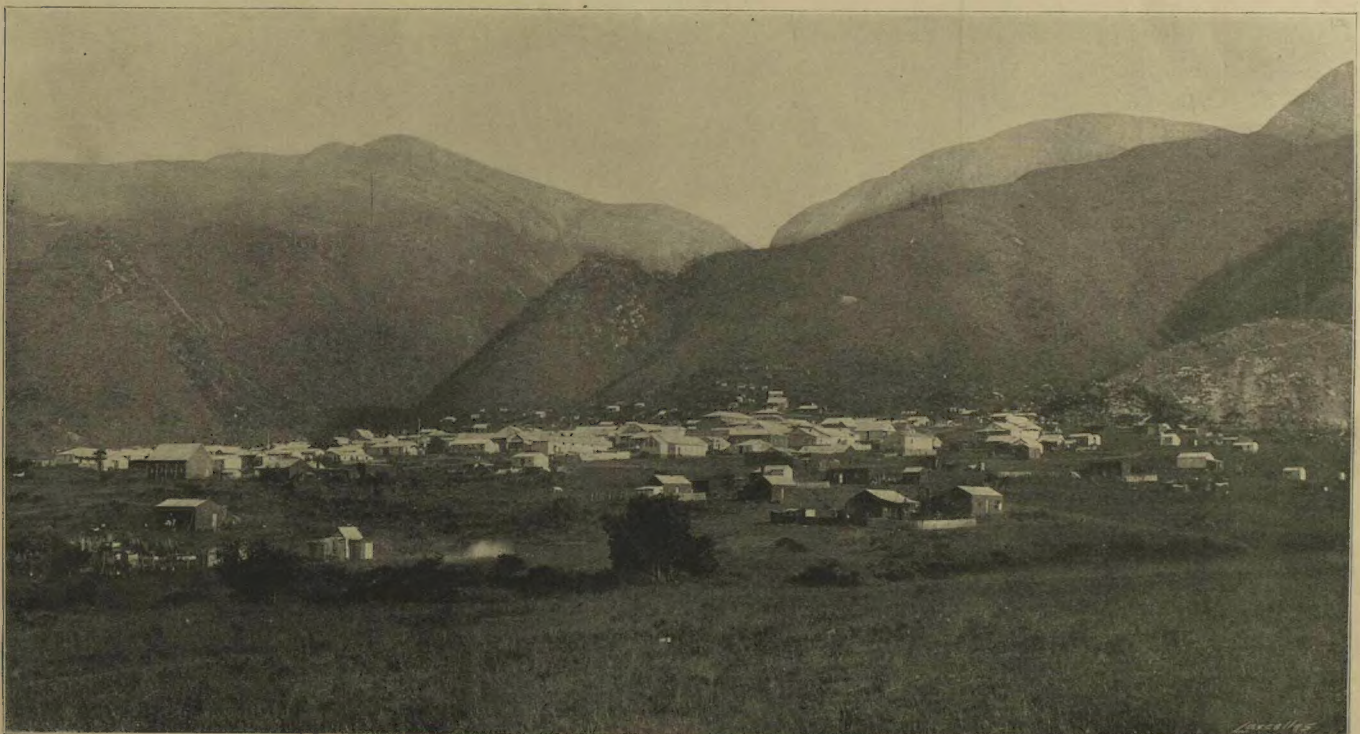
Pauncefoot writing: "I have been commanded by her Majesty Queen Victoria to express to the President of the United States the great sorrow with which her Majesty has learned the details of the terrible disaster at Galveston." The President of the United States, though preoccupied with the cares of a coming election, has taken immediate steps for the relief of the survivors of the catastrophe. The War Department has been called upon to supply fifty thousand rations, and not a moment too soon, for injured people were already reported as dying of hunger and thirst. Ten thousand military tents have also been requisitioned. Indeed, Galveston seems likely to become a city of tents. The idea of rebuilding it is for the moment abandoned. Apart from this overthrow, the city is not happily situated, being built but a few feet above the level of the sea—a sea that will not conform, as do more convenient seas elsewhere, to the controlling influences of dyke and dam. The Treasury has given permission to foreign vessels to transport to the Gulf of Mexico any of the population rendered homeless; and the relief fund has reached a total sum exceeding one million dollars. Between the Presidents of Republics the exchange of

sympathies may be supposed to be particularly cordial; and the text of M. Loubet's message to Mr. McKinley is an instance in point. "I hasten," cables the American President in reply, "in the name of the sufferers and of the whole American people, to express my heartfelt thanks for your touching message."

SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

"The salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish," says Izaak Walton, and somebody else has called it "the venison of the waters." Scotland's deer-forests have their counterpart in Scotland's streams; and, in an age of utility even in sport, the fisherman's zest is increased, not lessened, by the value of his haul. This is the case even where the element of personal gain is wiped out; where the guest is fishing in the interest of his host; or where the visitor, paying highly for board and lodging, relinquishes his harvest of the flood to the lessee. Great rentals follow in the wake of keen competition. The Aberdeenshire fishings are valued at many thousands

a year; and the Tay alone yields some £60,000 worth of salmon during each season. Angling for salmon begins almost with the year on the river Thurso, in Caithness, and it ends, latest of all on the Tweed, in November. There is some hard work at times for fishermen when the fish determines to tire them out, or when, if he is to be landed at all, he will exact three hours' labour from two men after being hooked, say, on Stanley Water, before he is finally brought to shore. The salmon hastes to the sea before winter, and, like many a landsman in a less degree, feels utterly undone if he does not get his annual holiday at the ocean. Of the laws of the growth of salmon much has already been written, and something remains to be discovered. But, given good conditions, its growth is rapid. Sir Francis Bacon, who observed the salmon, noted that his age did not often exceed ten years. The leap of the salmon has been a favourite theme with makers of metaphor, from Michael Drayton downwards. Naturally, fishermen and poets look on these evolutions from different points of view. Our illustration on another page depicts the last moment of a struggle for supremacy between man and fish.



THE TOWN OF BARBERTON, OCCUPIED BY GENERAL FRENCH ON SEPTEMBER 13.

Twenty-three officers and fifty-nine men are reported to have been released. Forty-three locomotives and some rolling stock were captured by the cavalry.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

The loss of life recorded as happening to British troops in China this week has been the result of an unhappy accident. A fatigue-party were engaged in destroying gunpowder at Tungchau, when an explosion took place, killing one man on the spot and wounding two officers and thirty-five men, nearly half of whom have since died. From Tientsin came, early in the week, tidings of the return of the Ti-lin expeditionary force, the Boxers having retired to a village thirty miles further up the canal. At the same time, it was reported that twelve thousand German troops had arrived at Tientsin; that a regiment of American cavalry had encamped, with two guns, at Yang-tsun to strengthen the line of communications; and that a sharp engagement had taken place at Mo-tao, on the Peking road, between a company of United States infantry and nearly two thousand Boxers. The Americans, who made the fine stand that could safely be predicted of them, were reinforced by a body of Bengal Lancers, who charged the enemy in the rear, and put them to flight. The Americans had no casualties, but the Boxers left two hundred dead upon the field. The Germans, less fortunate, lost twenty men in an encounter with a large force of Boxers west of Peking. German troops, augmented to two thousand, have followed up the enemy to the walled city of Liang-hiang, where they had taken refuge. While these conflicts were in progress, the concord of the Allied troops has, according to common rumours, trembled once and again in the balance. Common rumours are, however, apt to be pessimistic; and it is worth while to remember that

many prognostications of evil made throughout the Chinese crisis have never been fulfilled. One does not need to allude to the old story of the safety of the Legations. A more modern instance is to be found in the sinister prophecies of dissension at the time of Russia's withdrawal of her Minister from Peking. That act was variously interpreted in different capitals, but, out

of St. Petersburg, always unfavourable to the maintenance of European accord. It is now acknowledged to have no real bearing on the military situation. The appointment of the German Commander-in-Chief, on which so much black ink of augury was poured out, has been equally harmless for evil; and it is now understood that Count Waldersee's part will be less that of a leader in war than that of a powerful negotiator in peace—a personage of whose offices in China the Powers in general stand in much need. Meanwhile, the Circular of the German Government is all to the point where it insists that, as a preliminary to the renewal of diplomatic confidences between China and the Powers, punishment should be meted out to the instigators of Anti-Foreign riots. At any rate, a few of those whose guilt is notorious should be delivered up. The supposed murderer of Baron von Ketteler has been caught and shot. He confessed; but now that he is dead doubt of his guilt is expressed by those intimately acquainted with the turns and twists of the Chinese inner mind. With a logic that English public opinion supports, Germany declares that if we do not insist on some atonement we are practically declaring ourselves indifferent about a repetition of the cruelty and the crime. Our illustration, dealing with the by-play of the alliance of European troops, shows a party of



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN NAVAL BATTALION AND FRENCH MARINES BUYING BANANAS AT COLOMBO.

Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönborg.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN TIENTSIN UNDER MILITARY ESCORT.

From a Photograph by a Correspondent.



PRIVATE GRIGGS

BY M. E. FRANCIS [MRS FRANCIS BLUNDELL]

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

PART II.

THE writer of the enclosure—an ambulance-nurse, no doubt—related how poor Jim had been so anxious for the letter to be sent that she had despatched it as it was. At his request the envelope bore Mrs. Frizzell's name, and for her the enclosure was intended. Would she, the writer asked, break to her daughter that Gunner Barton's wounds were of so serious a nature that it was impossible he could recover? He had been struck and fearfully shattered by some fragments of a shell—in fact, by the time his letter reached its destination he must be dead.

Martha was standing supporting herself by the table, and vainly trying to muster up courage to face Susan, when a cry from behind her made her start and look furtively round. There, on the narrow stairs, stood the girl herself, her figure unnaturally tall in its clinging white nightdress, her eyes dilated, her pale lips apart.

Not a word could the mother say. She stood clutching the papers which fluttered in her hand.

But Susie had already seen that terrible smear, and again a cry rang through the house.

"Oh, mother! oh, mother! you've done it! You've got your wish—he's dead!"

And Mrs. Frizzell, darting forward, was just in time to catch her as she fell.

But a little later, when after being carried back to bed with the aid of Mrs. Cross—whom Martha prudently banished on the first sign which Susie gave of "coming to"—the poor girl wept as much with gladness as with grief.

"He did love me, mother; you see how he did love me, and he did mean to make amends. Thank God for that! Oh, thank God for that! If he hadn't 'ha' wrote you'd never 'ha' believed me; but I knew—I knew! But now I shall never see his face no more."

And then, pressing the letter to her heart, she turned and hid her face upon the pillows, refusing to be comforted.

Mrs. Frizzell went downstairs, and sank into the elbow-chair.

"Lard, forgive me!" she said to herself over and over again. "Good Lard, forgive me! I can scarce think I wished en dead, but I did wish for en not to come back, and I did tell so many lies that they've a-come true to punish I. There, my child be a-breakin' her heart, and 'tis me as has done it."

By-and-by Mrs. Cross peered in again, anxious and curious.

"What did make Susan take that bad turn, I wonder?"

"Why," returned Mrs. Frizzell, looking up with red eyes, but with an odd sense of returning self-respect—this time, at least, she was telling no untruth—"it be enough to upset her. She've a-had a letter from her husband, wrote afore he died: so lovin'. And it be all stained wi' blood."

"Dear heart alive!" groaned the other sympathetically. "Poor Mr. Griggs! They took it off en after he were dead, I suppose?"

Mrs. Frizzell's face fell. It was hard, after all, to persevere in the path of rectitude.

"Ees," she said faintly. "Leastways, the nurse as sent it on said he were almost gone when she took it off en."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the neighbour again. "Well, we do know he be dead, Mrs. Frizzell, don't we, seein' as his name were in the paper, and all."

"Oh, 'ees," agreed Mrs. Frizzell, still more falteringly.

"And his blood was on the letter," resumed Mrs. Cross, with a certain gruesome relish, though her eyes were full of tears. "Dear, now, I should like to see it. It 'ud be really summat to see, wouldn't it?"

"Ah, but my poor Susan, she won't let nobody look at it," returned the mother in quick alarm. "She've a-got it under her pillow, and she've a-got fast hold on 't."

"Poor young thing! Well, I can understand her feelings—p'rhaps some other day—"

"Nay, don't think it, Mrs. Cross—don't look for 't! Says she to I, 'Mother, you won't never let no stranger set eyes on this here. 'Twas meant for nobody but me,' says she, 'and I do mean to keep it for myself.' . . . And there's another," lamented the poor woman, almost in despair.

"Oh, very well, Mum, I'm sure I don't want to put myself forrard where I bain't wanted," retorted Mrs. Cross, in a tone of offended dignity. "But I thought I mid make so bold as to ax, seein' as I've a-knowed your Susan since she were no bigger than her own blessed orphan child."

"Nay, now, no offence. I don't suppose, Mrs. Cross, as Susan 'ull so much as let father see it. There now, talking of the baby, would you like to look at en? I'll fetch en in a minute; he be comin' on finely."

"Well, I haven't seen en for two or three days—I couldn't take much notice on en jist now when Susan seemed so bad," returned Mrs. Cross, lingering in the hope of picking up a further crumb or two of information. "Ye don't seem to take much notice on en yourself, my dear—I do scarcely ever see you nursin' en."

"I've a-been so taken up with Susan, d' ye see," said Mrs. Frizzell with a sudden pang of remorse.

She went upstairs for the child, and after he had been

duly admired, and the visitor had withdrawn, she still sat looking down at the little placid face.

"Poor fellow!" she said to herself. "Poor fellow! Ah! I fancy he'd have been proud if he'd 'ha' lived to come back an' own ye, baby. Dear, dear! they mid all 'ha' been so happy—and all forgive an' forgot. Ah! he were sorry enough, poor chap, and he did repent—the Lard 'ull 'ha' mercy on him for that. . . . 'Ees, I can fancy he'd 'ha' been proud if he could 'ha' seen ye, baby; but, there, all of en as 'ull ever come back is them few lovin' words and that dreadful spot o' blood."

And then Mrs. Frizzell fell to weeping again for pure pity, and kissed the little soft face of the dead soldier's child and the tiny rings of ruddy gold which no father's hand would ever stroke.

When John came in, she conveyed the tidings to him in half-inarticulate shouts, between bursts of sobbing. The big, dull man stood gazing at her for a moment in perturbed amazement, and then went, slowly and heavily, upstairs.

Susan still lay with her face hidden, and her slight frame heaving with convulsive sobs.

Her father paused in the doorway, and then came lumbering forward towards the bed, stooping when he reached it, and patting the girl's shoulder with his great horny, tollworn hand.

"Don't 'ee take on, Susie, my dear," he murmured, blubbering too, poor fellow. "There, don't 'ee cry, maide."

"Nay, father," moaned Susan, "don't 'ee call me that—don't 'ee never call me that no more! I be a widow—I be a real widow now."

"Ah, 'tis true," murmured poor Frizzell indistinctly. "Ye be a widow, my poor maid—ye be a widow now; sure!"

But it was not so sure, after all. As Mrs. Frizzell sometimes said, the most wonderfullest of things did certainly happen in her family. Lo! no sooner was Private Griggs decently, and, as she imagined, finally interred, than Gunner Barton took upon himself to return to life; and the complications which ensued were so bewildering that even Mrs. Frizzell was unable to cope with them. For, on the receipt of the letter which announced that Jim, though so seriously injured that he would be more or less of a cripple all his life, was indubitably recovering, and would, in fact, be shortly shipped home, Susan, hitherto so meek and broken, became utterly unmanageable. She was about to set forth on some household errand when she met the postman, who informed her that he had a letter for her mother from abroad.

"Give it to me," cried Susan quickly.

"'Tis for Mrs. Frizzell," said the rural messenger in surprise; but the girl, with a flaming face, had already torn open the envelope.

In another moment she rent the air with strange cries and shrieks of joy.

All the inhabitants of the place came hastening forth to inquire the reason of the outcry, and there beheld the

relict of Private Griggs, with her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, and her face alight with a very passion of rapture, trampling on her widow's bonnet, and brokenly telling her baby that daddy was coming home.

Mrs. Frizzell rose to the emergency. Putting her arm round her daughter, she propelled her gently towards the house, without deigning to notice by word or look the importunate crowd.

Presently she went out, closing the door after her, and repossessed herself of the obnoxious bonnet, which a thoughtful neighbour had rescued from the dust and set upon the gate-post.

Before she could re-enter the house one or two anxious friends, who had been eagerly on the look-out for her from divers points of ambush, emerged from their respective doors.

"Summat very strange must have happened, Mrs. Frizzell, I'm sure, to make Susan behave as she did just now," one said.

"Ah, I never did see nothing like it," chimed in another.

"I've seen a man as was a bit drinky-like throw off his hat and tread on it, but never a respectable young 'ooman, same as Mrs. Griggs."

"The poor thing didn't know what she was a-doin'," returned Mrs. Frizzell. "There, it be all so mixed up I do scarce know how to tell ye. We'll know the right o' things in a few days. It do seem now as if we'd ha' made some mistake in thinkin' Susie was a widow."

"Lard, now, you don't say so! Weren't Private Griggs killed, then, after all? Why, we did see's name in papers."

"Them papers do make mistakes, though," cried Mrs. Cross. "I did see oncel or twicet as they did say: 'So-and-so, stated to be missin', is now found to be dead,' and t'other way round. This here be t'other way round, I suppose?"

"Ees," groaned Mrs. Frizzell, passing her hand wearily over her brow. It was very much the other way round; the whole world, as it seemed to her, had turned completely topsy-turvy.

"Dear, I don't wonder as poor Susan be half out of her mind. You don't look so very well pleased yourself, my dear."

"I scarce do know what I feel. I scarce can think it be true. If it baint true, what's to become o' Susan? As you do say, Mrs. Cross, she's very near out o' her mind now. And if it be true—there, them as wrote did say as he were so terrible bad he were bound to be crippled for life."

"Crippled!" ejaculated both women together; and they looked at the mother aghast.

"Then," added Mrs. Cross, "Susan 'ull have en to keep!"

She exchanged a look of blank dismay with her companion; it was plain that in the eyes of both the calamity originally believed in—that of the honourable demise of Private Griggs—was regarded as a much less serious misfortune.

"And when do ye think ye'll be likely to know for certain, my dear?" insinuated Mrs. Cross, with her head on one side.

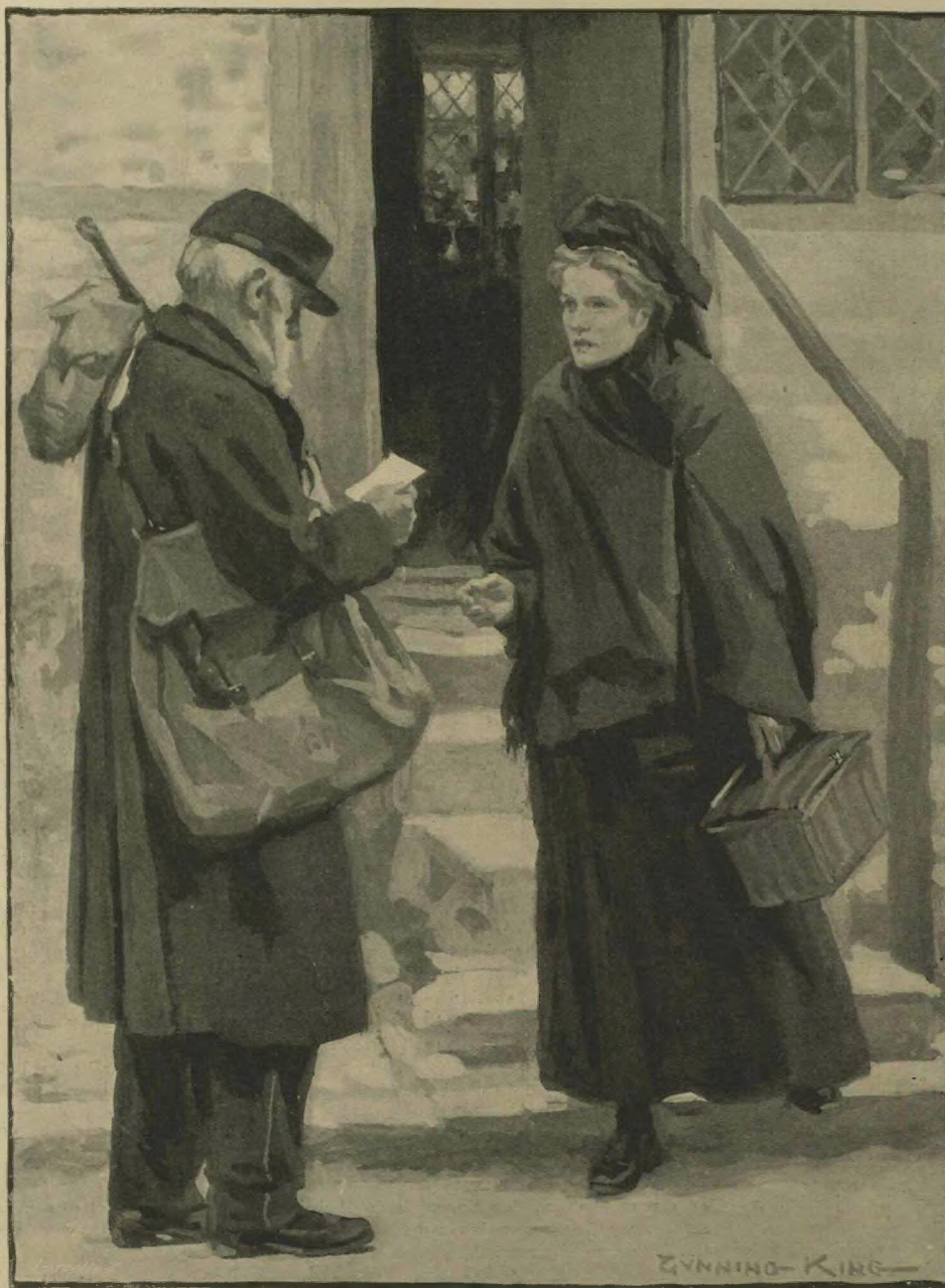
"Well, they be a-sending somebody home, they do tell me, but whether it be Susan's husband or not I can't tell. I suppose we'll know as soon as he gets to England."

"Ah-h-h, dear, it do seem a strange story, to be sure.

And very likely when you do see en ye'll find as it baint Private Griggs at all."

"Very likely indeed," agreed Mrs. Frizzell, with extraordinary warmth of manner, but with a sinking heart.

How she contrived to keep Susan from divulging the whole story to her interested neighbours was a mystery known only to the indomitable little mother herself; for the girl, in her excited state, was for doing away at once with pretence, and owning the truth to all comers. It was lucky for both that the suspense was not of long duration. A few weeks after receiving the astonishing tidings of Jim Barton's resurrection came the news that he had arrived in England, and that he had been actually sent to the temporary hospital at the Artillery Barracks in Dorchester.



"Give it to me," cried Susan quickly

And so it came to pass that one day two women appeared in the doorway of the ward in which Gunner Barton lay, and paused for a moment as though in uncertainty. Then, with a stifled cry, the younger of the two rushed forward, passed the long line of beds, where, propped on pillows, were to be seen many faces pale and drawn with pain. By the side of one—the palest of all; so pale, indeed, that had it not been for the red-brown eyes and auburn hair, it might have been called utterly colourless, she paused and fell upon her knees. She forgot that many curious eyes were bent upon her; she forgot that she was an injured woman; and that Jim, who had wronged her, was so maimed and shattered as to be in truth a very wreck of a man; she forgot everything but that he was there, and that he loved her. And so, poor, little, soft, foolish thing, she put her arm about his neck and laid her face upon the pillow beside his, and kissed him, and murmured incoherent words of tenderness and joy.

And Jim—poor Jim, his broken frame was so weak, and

his heart so torn by gladness mingled with a piercing sorrow, that he hid his face upon her shoulder and wept like a little child.

By-and-by Susie, throwing back her shawl, disclosed the sleeping face of the babe with a kind of shrinking pride; and Jim, with his great gaunt frame still shaking with sobs, raised himself on his one serviceable elbow, and looked at him long and earnestly, though his eyes were still dim.

"I'd like," he said, "I'd like to make all square for him and you, Susan; but 'tis puzzlin' to know what's right. I'm just fit for nothin', my girl; I'll never be fit to do a hand's turn for myself."

"And that's true," put in Mrs. Frizzell, who had been standing at the foot of the bed, wiping her eyes and sniffing violently. "Ees, poor fellow, I can see from here

where they've a-look off your leg. I can see quite plain that it baint aside of the other under the clothes."

Susie did not hear her; her face was burning as she bent it close to Jim's.

"I'll not mind nothin', Jim," she said. "I'd be only too proud and glad to work for 'ee."

"There'd be my pension, of course," said he. "But you're so young, Susie—you might do better, p'rhaps, if 'tweren't for the little chap here."

He thrust out his long, feeble hand and touched the child's soft face, his own working with emotion the while. Wife, and child, and home—all there within the grasp of those weak hands. Could he give them up? And yet to be a burden all his days to the trusting creature, of whose ignorance he had already taken shameful advantage.

"Susie," he whispered, "you don't know what you're doing."

"Nay," she returned earnestly, "I do know it very well—I do ax but one thing, Jim."

"And what's that?"

"God's blessin'," said Susie; and stretching out her hand, she pressed to his lips the finger which was encircled by the wedding-ring.

Mrs. Frizzell returned in the evening alone, it having been arranged that Susan was to remain in Dorchester until Jim was sufficiently recovered for the marriage to take place. She looked

very worn and pale and tired, as she turned in at her garden-gate, and was anything but gratified to find the alert Mrs. Cross on the watch for her.

"Well, my dear, so you've come back wi'out her. 'Twas the right man, then, after all?"

"Ees," returned Mrs. Frizzell faintly, "'twas the right man. And him and Susie be to-set up house so soon as he gets a bit better."

"Ah-h-h. Be he so bad, then, my dear?"

"Well," said Mrs. Frizzell, putting down her basket and setting her arms akimbo, "he be that bad that he haven't a-got but one leg, and not much use in that; and one of his arms be damaged. But Susan—dear! a body 'ud think there was nothin' ever so j'yful in the world as the notion o' keepin' en."

"Bless me! it do seem queer! She'll find it 'ard work, won't she, Mrs. Frizzell? I suppose he'll want just so many victuals as if he were a sound man, and not be doin' nothin' to earn 'em."

"Well, he've a-got a pension. There, don't 'ee talk to me, Mrs. Cross, my dear. To tell 'ee the truth, I do scarce know what I be doin'. It bain't what I did look for, d'ye see. The man himself—my daughter's 'usband—he bain't the man I did take en for."

"Ye don't tell me so!" ejaculated Mrs. Cross, with a drooping jaw. "In what way be he different, Martha?"

"Why," returned Mrs. Frizzell slowly, "I d'low I did tell 'ee as my daughter's 'usband were a dark man. Well, that's one thing as I did make a mistake about—his hair be red, Mrs. Cross."

"Red!" repeated the other, with a gasp.

"Ees, red," reiterated Mrs. Frizzell, assuming a stolid expression. "That be the colour on it, Mrs. Cross."

"Well, I am surprised. To be sure, the blessed baby's hair's red, too—it be easy accounted for now, bain't it,

SEPTEMBER WEATHER-LORE.

As might naturally be expected in the month devoted to shooting, autumn tints, and St. Martin's Summer, there is a fair amount of weather-lore, and the following examples, culled from many varying climes, will doubtless prove interesting. Thus in Portugal we are informed that "August ripens and September gathers in," and that "August bears the burden and September the fruit." In speaking of travelling there is this: that

None in August should over the land,
In December none over the sea,

which negatively points to the inference that September is safe for both methods of progression. In Portugal, of this month it is said, "September dries up ditches or breaks down bridges," while in Bombay we are told that "Tis

liked by the farmer"; "Fair on September first, fair for the month," which has so far this year proved true; "As on the 8th, so for the next four weeks." Thunder in September is held to indicate a good crop of grain and fruit for the following year; and if the storms of September clear off warm, all the storms of the following winter will be warm. Again, when a cold spell occurs during this month and passes away without a frost, a frost will not occur until the same time in the following month. The millers of the Midlands claim that there are about the middle of the month three consecutive windy days, which have been termed by them the windy days of barley-harvest. In Derbyshire they say that if the weather is wet, with a storm from the south, on the 19th, a mild winter may be anticipated; while the weather on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd rules that for October, November, and



"I'd like," he said, "to make all square for him and you, Susan."

seein' as Private Griggs's hair be red? I wonder how you did come to make sich a mistake, Mrs. Frizzell?"

"I wonder!" said the poor woman. "My mind were fair muddled up, I do think, and I did get a lot o' queer notions in my head. There's another thing now; his name bain't Griggs."

"Lard! you do give I quite a turn. However did you come to think it were? And what mid his name be, Mrs. Frizzell?"

Mrs. Frizzell opened her mouth, shut it again, and swallowed down what seemed to be a very unpleasant morsel; finally she said, fixing her impenetrable eyes upon her neighbour's face—

"His name be Barton—Gunner James Barton. Ees, that be the name."

"Barton!" ejaculated Mrs. Cross, in utter bewilderment; then, after a momentary pause, she continued—

"It bain't so very like Griggs, be it?"

For once Mrs. Frizzell's lively imagination was at fault; she had no explanation to offer.

"Nay," she said feebly, "it bain't."

THE END.

September's sun which causes the black list upon the antelope's back." "As September, so the coming March," is an old proverb, and in Professor Boerne's Latin manuscript, dating from 1677 to 1799, we find it stated that when September has been rainy, the following May has been generally dry; and when the May is dry, the following September is likely to be wet. In California a wet September is held to predict a drought for the ensuing summer, with famine, and no crops; and a general weather-proverb in America is that heavy September rains bring drought. In Germany there is an adage that "Rain in September is good for the farmer, but poison to the vine-grower." This is the month of the passion-flower, which blossoms about the 14th. In Yorkshire this rhyme is to be met with—

If dry be the buck's horn
On Holyrood morn,
'Tis worth a kist of gold.

The following regarding this month are to be met with in many agricultural districts: "September rain is much

December; while a southerly wind on the 21st indicates that the autumn will be warm. In Spain they say—

On Holy Cross Day vineyards are gay,
and of the 21st they say, "St. Matthew's rain fattens pigs and goats," and "St. Matthew makes the days and nights equal." The following rhymes refer to this day—

St. Matthee,
Shut up the bee;
St. Matthew
Brings on the cold dew.
Matthew's Day bright and clear
Brings good wine in next year.
St. Matthee,
Get candlesticks new;
St. Mathi,
Lay candlesticks by.

This last referring to St. Mathias Day. In the North of Ireland you will be told that "on Michaelmas Day the Devil puts his foot on the blackberries," and "If St. Michael brings many acorns, Christmas will cover the fields with snow."

W. N. B.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



Hall and Library of the University of Durham College of Medicine.



Nicholas' College and Castle.



Black Gates.



Diamond Drive.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY CLEARING THE WAY.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart.

Leinsters, Brabant's Horse, and Rimington's Guides on the top of this hill.

General Hunter, Royal Artillery, and Reserves.



GENERAL PRINSLOO'S LAST STAND IN THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE CALEDON: GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRITISH ATTACK.

Royal Irish

FROM A SKETCH BY M. F. R.

The Orange Free Staters made their last stand in the Valley of the Little Caledon, with their left flank resting on the Basuto border. The attack by General Clements' brigade, supported by the British guns, was made on the Boer front, and carried to within about 1200 yards before nightfall with very little loss. The word was then passed that the Scots Guards and Royal Irish should carry the position, and it was found that the Boers had caused a general cessation of the firing, a sharp fusillade was suddenly heard. Next morning the two corps were seen to be bivouacked on the Boers' position. The Boers then sent in a white flag, and surrendered unconditionally to General Hunter. General MacDonald had blocked one of their exits, and Brigadier-General Bruce Hamilton the other.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



GENERAL PRINSLOO'S LAST STAND IN THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE CALEDON: THE BOERS' POSITION ON THE HEIGHTS.

From a sketch by M. F. R.

THE TEXAS HURRICANE: VIEWS IN GALVESTON.



1. Galveston Mahland Bridge. 2. Galveston Bay. 3. City Hall. 4. Surf View at Beach Hotel. 5. Masonic Temple. 6. Ball High School. 7. Old Plantation House.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



THE SIKHS ON THE ROAD TO PEKING.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT IN TIENTSIN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



SCENE OF THE DESTRUCTION IN TONG-KU.



FUGITIVES EMBARKING AT TONG-KU.



THE INTERIOR OF A DESTROYED TEMPLE.

SCENES IN TONG-KU AND TIENTSIN.



VICTORIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE BRITISH FORCES IN CHINA: THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA ADDRESSING THE NAVAL CONTINGENT

Photo, J. Randall News.



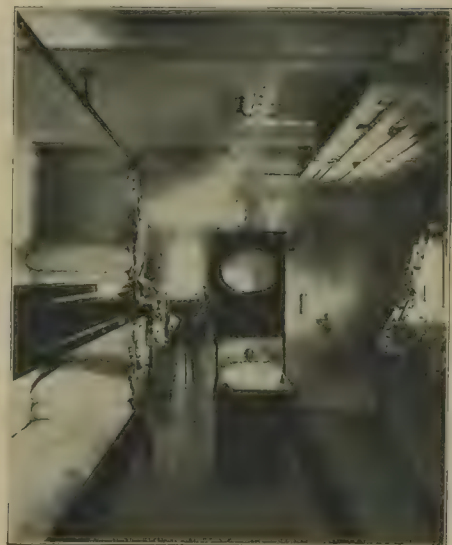
THE CRISIS IN CHINA: FIGHTING ON THE RAMPARTS

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

THE NEW LEYLAND LINER, "DEVONIAN," FOR THE LIVERPOOL—BOSTON SERVICE.

Photographs by Dowden, Boston.

THE "DEVONIAN."



ONE OF THE STATE ROOMS.

The steam-ship *Devonian*, belonging to the Leyland Line, to trade between Liverpool and Boston, which was launched some time ago by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, arrived in the Mersey on Sept. 7 and docked at the Canada. This steamer is fitted to carry 135 first-class

3500 horse, and the gross register tonnage is about 10,500 tons. It is estimated that she could steam round the world without recoaling, and besides carrying about 1000 horses and 1000 troops, would still have sufficient carrying capacity left to carry 3000 or 4000 tons of stores.

the remainder of the passengers' accommodation. The public apartments are remarkable for their size and luxurious furnishing. In the after-part is a beautiful music-room. Aft the engine-room is the saloon smoke-room, panelled in polished oak and upholstered in chocolate



THE DINING-SALOON.



THE MUSIC-ROOM.

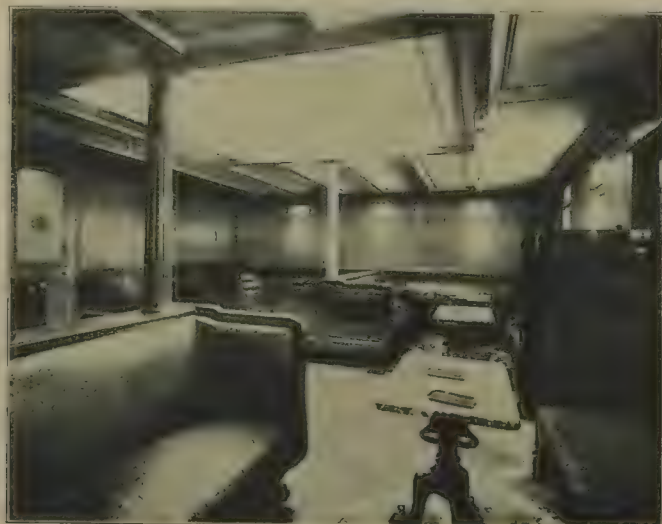
passengers with all the accommodation on the saloon or upper deck. The appointments are in every respect those of a first-class passenger liner. Her dimensions are 370 ft. length over all, with a beam of 59 ft., and a displacement of 21,120 tons. The engine-power is

The vessel is extremely elegant. She is fitted with four masts and one funnel. The officers have their quarters amidships. The bridge-house contains the saloon, the dining-room, and a number of berths. On the top of the bridge-house deck is a midships steel house containing

leather. There is also a spacious library. Special attention has been paid to ventilation, and altogether the ship is a superb tribute to the excellence of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's workmanship. The *Devonian* started on her maiden trip from Liverpool to Boston on Sept. 15.



THE PROMENADE-DECK.



THE SMOKE-ROOM.



SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND: THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

W. H. STONE

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The First Antarctic Night, By Frederick A. Cook. London: Hutchinson, 28s.
Hunting, By J. Otto Paget. Haddon Hall Library Series. London: Dent, 7s. 6d.
The New Order, By Oswald Crawford. London: Grant Richards, 6s.
The Minister's Guest, By Isabella Smith. London: Fisher Unwin, 6s.
The Flower of the Flock, By W. E. Norris. London: Nisbet, 6s.

Dr. Frederick Cook, medical officer in charge of the *Belgica*, has recorded in "Through the First Antarctic Night" the experiences of a year in the ice-pack with the



LECOINTE MAKING OBSERVATIONS: THE NAUTICAL OBSERVATORY.

Reproduced from "Through the First Antarctic Night," by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

Belgian expedition to the South Pole; or, more accurately, to explore scientifically "along the edge of the unknown." The general results of the enterprise are fully set out in appendices, and it is satisfactory to know that, after so much hardship, these are considered reasonably successful; but the average reader will probably be content with the author's account of the voyage, more especially with the vivid and convincing picture of the seventy days' Antarctic night. "Polar amnesia," as the malady is called, has been described before, but Dr. Cook has reason to think that it assumes a worse form in the Southern regions than in the North. The state of health to which every man was reduced by sheer depression born of darkness demonstrates our dependence on the light of the sun. The *Belgica*, which had been specially built for the sealing trade, was admirably adapted for the work required, and stood the strain of floe and ice-pack bravely. She was well equipped and comfortable; but the want of fresh food was, as ever on such voyages, a source of trouble, seal and penguin being poor substitutes for more familiar meats. Monotony rather than adventure is the keynote; but the author contrives to make monotony interesting in a style that is chatty and unconventional. The book is profusely illustrated, and many of the reproductions from photographs, particularly those of birds, are most excellent. The weight of the volume is a drawback; it is decidedly heavy to read comfortably in one's arm-chair.

The writer of "Hunting" has accomplished a difficult task—difficult, because methods in the hunting-field change not, because many able writers have given us books on the subject, and there is nothing new for the most experienced to tell. Mr. Otto Paget, to use his own phrase, "rambles on from one point to another in the light manner of those engaged in a smoking-room discussion." Light his handling of the subject is, and unfailingly readable; withal, he offers advice which his readers may wisely lay to heart for their own profit on occasion or that of too ardent youth. There are some venatic precepts which cannot be too often repeated, and a book on hunting justifies its existence if it give these fresh point, as does the work before us. Mr. Otto Paget has the courage to declare what practical men in their hearts know to be the truth concerning the relations of the farmer and the chase. Perhaps one farmer in twenty derives direct benefit from the existence of the pack that hunts over his land; and the damage to crops, fences, and stock is far more apparent to the eyes of the remaining nineteen than the indirect advantages they reap from hunting. The author touches on all legitimate forms of the chase; but we could wish that he had found space to give the fallow-deer—rarely hunted nowadays save in the New Forest—his due. The older school, who know that animal, set his cunning on a par with that of the fox; and truly the fallow-deer is a quarry of infinite resource when pressed by hounds. Masters and secretaries will rise up and bless Mr. Otto Paget for his brief concluding chapter, wherein he urges on the hunting-man the propriety of sending in his subscription before he shows himself with the hounds. The book is one which reflects credit on its author as a sportsman and a scribe; and we heartily recommend it to all who have been roused by the advance of the cubbing season to begin preparations for November next.

Mr. Richard Marsh pours out his volumes with astonishing facility. Within three months we seem to have read four books of his, all of them distinguished by audacity of imagination and a real gift of narrative. "The Seen

and the Unseen" is a collection of short stories, mostly uneasy. In the first of them the author commits the oversight of repeating himself. In one of his most recent books "The Goddess: a Demon," a mysterious homicide is the work of a Hindu idol, provided with an ingenious mechanism that causes it to spring upon its victim, and tear him to pieces with knives. Precisely the same idea is the motive of "A Psychological Experiment," in which a man is killed by a horrible toy enclosed in a box. Why harrow our feelings in this fashion twice over? Mr. Marsh's fecundity of novel ideas is undeniable. If he had done nothing else, we should be grateful to him for having broken away from the bad old tradition of detective fiction. The police have no chance in Mr. Marsh's tales. He writes them down unceremoniously as fools. This is a trifle unjust, but it is a refreshing change from the imitations of Inspector Bucket and Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Marsh's mysteries are unravelled without the aid of Scotland Yard, and yet with a deftness that makes the solution appear to be due to no particular intelligence, but to natural causes. In his wildest fantasies Mr. Marsh is able to preserve a certain *raison d'être* that prevents the reader from analysing the improbability. Surprise is, of course, an essential element of such work, and Mr. Marsh's surprises rarely miss fire. For a totally unexpected dénouement the story called "A Pack of Cards" cannot be surpassed.

In "Man and the Spiritual World" the Rev. Arthur Chambers develops the line of thought suggested by his previous volume, "Our Life After Death," and aims at the construction of what may be termed a more definite science of Christian Spiritualism. The writer's expressed desire is to convince those who crave a knowledge of the spiritual that "neither modern spiritualism nor theosophy can tell us more about that truth than the Scripture does." The theory propounded is that "Man, in the basis of his being, is a spirit, even when passing the first phase of existence on the plane of matter"; that he possesses a "spirit-body" as well as a physical one; and that death is simply an evolutionary process from the one to the other. Mr. Chambers claims that both Biblical testimony and modern psychical research are consistent with this theory. This conception of the nature of man may be reasonable enough within itself, but we venture to think the writer occupies very questionable ground when he places the methods of modern spiritualism—clairvoyance and clairaudience—on exactly the same level, and claims for them such moral sanctions as belong to those Biblical revelations concerning the spirit-world. We must further confess that the author has found the veil that hides that world from ours of thinner texture than we had thought reasonably probable; and we fear his position will not have been rendered more convincing by the insertion of a very lengthy conversation held by him with a departed Hindu: the medium being a young man who "neither possessed the intellectual talents to conceive, nor the educational advantages to express, the thoughts embodied in his address." We entirely follow the writer in his contention for the more hopeful and rational views of modern religious thought concerning a future state, and in this direction his book contains much that should prove helpful and inspiring to many. However much we may agree or disagree with his conclusions, we feel Mr. Chambers is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm and boldness with which he seeks to find in man's higher spiritual relations a *raison d'être* for psychical phenomena more convincing than that supplied by theosophy or so-called modern spiritualism.

We are not sure that we understand what the New Order is that gives the title to Mr. Oswald Crawford's novel. At first we thought it might have to do with a new method of fiction, or, rather, an old method revived, of which we are told something in the dedication. When a novel is "strings of adventures encountered by a particular person in a longer or shorter journey through life," that is the "processional" method, as opposed to the theatrical method of unravelling a plot in order to unravel it. Afterwards we came to the conclusion that the title refers to the great Cause expounded by Mr. Herbert Strangway and his sister Sturge, and the "three ladies and four men, all young, and all brothers and sisters of the cycle," who compose the bodyguard of that eloquent and altogether remarkable reformer. We think we are right, but, as we have said, we are not sure. The Cause—which, in a word, is the excellent one of the reinstatement of the Yeoman on the soil—strikes us as a little inadequate to give a title to the story. On the other hand, the "processional method" theory fails us, for, behold! Mr. Crawford himself has a plot, and unravels it and in the course of doing so, he discovers for us the mysteries of fisticuffs, the foils, and cudgel-play. Altogether, there is a great deal in this novel, as well as about it, that is amusing.

If the picture of Nonconformity presented in "The Minister's Guest" was not designed for the delectation of Nonconformists, the slighter counter-picture of the Church of England does not strike one as being particularly adequate or attractive. Miss Smith deals out her judgments with so much impartiality that one hesitates to hazard a guess at her own position; the feeling dominant in the mind after a careful perusal is that what the narrative thus gains in accuracy it loses in

insight; the lack of any personal bias cuts both ways. The Independent Minister, indeed, is sympathetically portrayed, and is perhaps the most lovable character in the book; the blind Miss Leek was obviously destined for a high place in the reader's affections, but she somehow falls short of the author's intention. If we except the heroine, who is sweet and gentle, and the hero, who is manly, most of the remaining characters are extremely disagreeable people to have to do with, and the more religious they are, the worse we like them. Those who are not frankly odious are extremely tiresome; the women in particular fare badly; there is so much bitterness and venom in the portraits of Miss Penn and Mary Leek that one regrets to see a woman's name upon the title-page. As Mr. Stevenson says in the charming record of his "Travels with a Donkey," "I have never thought it easy to be just, and find it daily harder than I thought." That is our difficulty now, and probably the same problem often beset Miss Smith in the course of her writing; it may well be that her intention was more kindly than her achievement. But when any author sets herself deliberately to the task of depicting a small and little-known sect, in a book of apparent seriousness and at no inconsiderable length, she probably expects to be taken seriously. We can scarcely conceive that this book is a fair picture of the Independent body.

Little Mrs. Van Rees in Mr. Norris's story—somehow at any rate we think of the clever American widow as *petite*: good gear goes in little bulk—observes to Lord Tynemouth that in England too much consideration is shown to her countrymen and women. Whether or not Mrs. Van Rees is right of polite society, we seem to see something of that favouritism in the world of fiction. Time was when the American of our novels was merely a person of preternatural astuteness, who put out his talent to usury of good or of evil, but never by any chance hid it in a napkin. Now, he—or as often as not it is a she—discovers, in addition to brains, a high Republican virtue, which is carried into social life, and because of its excellent intentions in attempting to lighten the polite world over here, is excused all manner of eccentricity and freedom of speech. Like the parrot in its treatment of the lady's finger, they "bite from true heart and not for harm." Mrs. Van Rees herself is a case in point—though far be it from us to impute any *gaucherie* to a heroine of Mr. Norris. It is the delightful quality of his novels—would there were more like them!—that you are always sure of your company. They may be silly, worldly, scheming, deceitful, or weak, criminally weak; but whatsoever they are they are always well bred. The rules of their game are a little wobbly in playing according to the rules, but "good form" may be trusted to preserve them, even in their villainies, from any very disconcerting breaches of manners. But Mrs. Van Rees, while she could play the game with any of the circle to which she is introduced in England, has a higher conception of duty and right, and she is almost the only character in the novel, except Sam Strude, who has. She is the only one with brains who has. And that, we think, is not quite fair. Mr. Norris



MR. W. E. NORRIS.

is the most reliable of story-tellers, but he might be a little less cynical in his painting of honest and dishonest worldliness than he is in "The Flower of the Flock."

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LADIES' PAGE.

At last it has come—the yellow invasion of England! Whilst all the European nations are spending millions of money on the task of insisting on the presence and activity of Europeans being allowed by the Chinese in China, and whilst the white people of America and Australia are equally ardently insisting on preventing the yellow men from establishing themselves in countries under European rule, a private firm of London laundrymen has quietly begun the Chinese invasion of these shores. It has imported about two hundred Chinese washermen, and is actually employing them in doing London's laundry-work in a northern suburb of the Metropolis. If the

to bear on new methods of work when he is taught and directed in them.

It is to be supposed that he will be instructed in modern laundry methods; for I am credibly informed that the ordinary way with the Chinese ironer of moistening his work is to take mouthfuls of water and squirt forth a jet as required; and, indeed, a lack of what we consider necessary refinement is the fault of the Chinese domestic worker in all grades. A friend of mine from Australia told me an authentic tale, "the bearing of which lies in the application of it." She was visiting a friend in Sydney who had recently engaged a Chinaman as general servant. The mistress was loud in his praise. "He is so very industrious and so methodical," she said; "I always know what he will be doing at a certain time of the day. Let me see, he will just now be cleaning the silver—you shall come right out to the kitchen and see if that is not what he is doing." The pair proceeded quietly to the kitchen accordingly, and found Ah Sin washing in the fish-kettle! But needless such stories as this, the Chinaman servant would undoubtedly find a welcome here if he were introduced, in view of the dearth of decent "generals" for the middle-class mistress's domestic assistance.

There is a peculiar pathos to me about the sudden destruction of Galveston (a horror that will live in history as on a par with the Lisbon earthquake or the overthrow of Pompeii), because I have a personal recollection of some of the women of that town. At the World's Fair at Chicago, which I visited as the special correspondent of five English papers (the *Lady's Pictorial* for one), I saw a number of pretty, gracious women who came from the since-dead city. They had a long table in the Horticultural Building, at which every morning they attended to give away hundreds of sprays of a Texan flower. It was very like a gardenia, having the same waxen-white blossom and shiny dark leaf; and a spray of it was handed, with a pleasant smile or word, to every comer; twisted round the stem of each specimen was a slip of paper which bore the words: "With the compliments of the ladies of Galveston, Tex." They had made a special ladies' subscription in that city in order to do this pretty action, and the sweet, graceful women of Galveston had organised in succession their visits to the Fair, so that there should always be some of them in attendance to give away their flowers with their own hands. The Texas representation at the great show, indeed, was entirely due to the women of the State; for the Legislature had refused a vote for the expenses, and the committee of Galveston men who took up the task of getting subscriptions had abandoned it, and given notice that the space reserved for the State at the World's Fair would not be required; and then a ladies' committee took the matter up. They raised by begging, bazaars, entertainments, and all other possible means the very large sum required, and succeeded in placing a worthy Texas State building in the great show. Consistent with the American women's general plan of trusting and being gracious to other women, this committee entrusted a commission for the two statues that adorned their reception-hall—the subjects being two of the men who founded the State—to a woman sculptor, Elisabet Ney, a German born and trained artist, settled in Galveston. It adds to the awe of the tragedy to realise that it was such women as those who had to pass through such horrors to their death.

It is pleasant to record help to women in any shape, and specially so, it seems to me, when that aid is given by women who have themselves been fortunate in having this world's blessings and goods, but still have remained able to sympathise with their less fortunate sisters. This week brings two such instances. Miss Hall has bequeathed no less than £12,500 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Association specially to make provision for relieving poor ladies; and Miss Wickstead has given one thousand guineas to endow a bed for a female patient in the new cancer wing of Middlesex Hospital.

One of the leading features of the autumn fashions is to be the use of gold. I mentioned last week that on the hats big gold buckles were more employed than other kinds, though such really superior imitation-diamond buckles as are produced by, and only to be had from, the famous Parisian Diamond Company, at 143, Regent Street, 85, Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade, are still the chosen adornment of the very best chapeaux. Nothing else has so distinguished and superior an appearance as one of these buckles with some ostrich-plumes and velvet bows or chiffon rosettes on a black velvet hat; a buckle either all in diamonds or mixed with the excellent imitation pearls for which the Parisian Diamond Company are so specially famous. The tawdry, common ordinary paste buckle is not to be named in the same breath with these artistically designed and perfectly made artificial diamond ornaments; and then, after serving their time on the hat, they can be removed and worn at the waist without fear of detection of the fact that they are not made of real stones. A handsomely designed and well-set diamond waist-buckle is in any case an almost indispensable possession, and the Parisian Diamond Company have a most beautiful stock. If one of these excellent buckles cannot be had, a plain gold one is in better taste by far than a cheap and self-proclaiming imitation of gems. Gold is introduced into most other articles of attire in the new models; even embroideries in fine gold cord are being worked on the new fur garments. This extravagant fashion began last year. A rich woman of my acquaintance had a Persian lamb coat embroidered with steel; and silver and jet were also seen sparingly worked in slender designs on fur; but this year gold is to have a revival as leading favourite in passementeries and other ornamentation, and a sable bolero with vest of sealskin embroidered with gold beads and jet beads of the tiniest and finest quality is the sumptuous form in which I have been shown the new notion. Gold galon is used as a band round many hats; and gold cord is to be judiciously introduced into gowns, edging boleros or forming slight lines intermixed with black or self-coloured cords in embroidery on bodice and skirt. Gold tags to finish the ends of velvet or satin ribbon bows or straps are also novelties of the

moment. Gold is always specially effective mixed with black, and it is clear that black is to be much worn in the coming season.

Will the long-continued popularity of the bolero be maintained? There is every likelihood that it will be. It is now reduced to a mere trimming in most new models. In fact, I can best describe it as chiefly made as an adornment placed over the bust; but, on the other hand, it seems more usual than heretofore to continue the material making the bolero on to form the sleeves, then cutting the sleeve of the little over-bodice off just below the elbow, and using another material, naturally very often that of the under-bodice, for the lower sleeve. These short, merely decorative boleros appertain specially to the more dressy gowns; the tailor-made bolero continues to be longer—either mess-jacket or Figaro fashion, in which form it is really a protective addition to the costume, rendering it fit for wearing out of doors with the assistance of a feather or fur boa till a good way on into the colder weather. The short, decorative bolero is illustrated in one of our fashion-plates this week. The gown is of cloth, braided on the bolero and on the belt of the under-bodice; collar and cuffs are of white silk or cloth, and vest of lace. The hat, of a modified boat-shape, is in grey straw trimmed with spotted net and feather and buckle. The other is a tailor-made cloth gown, with longer bolero, cut out and strapped over in an original manner, the under-bodice showing beneath the cut-away portions. Tie and waistbelt are of black satin, and the hat is felt with a velvet bow.

Brown in all shades, from one so pale that it should be called fawn to the darkest of tones, is very popular for the new tailor-dresses; no doubt it is a reaction from the soft and bright pastel tints, of which people are a little weary. Grey, hyacinth-blue, purple, and heather mixtures are also to be well worn, generally in hairy materials or rough-surfaced friezes and tweeds from Ireland. Brown has the advantage of combining well with many other colours, so that there can be no difficulty in harmonising it with the complexion. Brown and blue of a sky or turquoise shade is perfect. Emerald green is an excellent relief to dark brown, and scarlet or crimson a delightful relief to a



A TAILOR-MADE CLOTH GOWN.

experiment succeed, this is to be but a beginning: a huge laundry village is to be built, and innumerable receiving-rooms are to be opened all over London. Then the English female who discolours our white linen, and washes the colour out of our garments of tinted batiste and silk, with her male accomplice who runs machinery to tear our frills and ruin our laces, and besprinkles our dainty damasks and muslins with yellow spots from chemicals, and bars our embroidered afternoon tea-cloths with lines of iron-mould, will be given the go-by. Richly do they deserve it! The infamies of the British laundry would make the stoutest heart weep. It is not so elsewhere. In France and Switzerland, how beautifully the linen is got up! And in America, though the charges are incredible, the work is daintily and carefully executed. But, seriously speaking, this first introduction of Chinamen, representatives of a swarming population, to do the work of our poorer class of women is rather alarming.

John Chinaman is certainly an excellent workman. The delicate specimens of his art that we all know sufficiently prove what are his powers in the way of manual dexterity; the inconceivable delicacy of the ivory carvings, the tireless finish of detail in the embroideries, the mosaic-like fineness of the China-ware—all that he sends us, in short, proves the industry and faithfulness of his work. The Chinese are scrupulously faithful copyists of any model supplied to them. A sea-captain of my acquaintance had his ship depicted by a Chinese artist; it was all done very well, but the name of the ship was carefully copied backwards on the flag, because it was blowing in that way when the artist happened to reach that detail of his picture. But the captain had a funnier tale to tell when this was remarked on. One of the sailor-men had given a pair of indispensable to a Chinese tailor, with instructions to make another pair "just like" the pattern pair. When the new garment arrived, behold! it was carefully patched with a different-coloured bit of material on the spot where poor Jack had had to mend the old one for himself at sea, and the Chinese tailor expected praise and gratitude for so successfully hunting up for his patches the same coloured stuff as the pattern! The days of such innocent exactitude are doubtless past, even in the Chinaman who has never left his native land. But the same obedient and exact spirit will be brought



A SMART CLOTH COSTUME.

chocolate or nut-brown dress. Fawn can be well used with darker brown tones.

Fire is a terrible enemy, and when it bursts on sleeping or unconscious victims, women and children are peculiarly helpless before it. Every addition to the means at the command of the brave men who give themselves to the business of combating this enemy is therefore of interest. I learn that the fire-extinguishing plant of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade will shortly be augmented by a new "Merry-weather double-cylinder steam fire-engine," built specially to the design of Commander Wells, the chief officer of London's Fire Brigade. The makers were recently awarded two gold medals for steamers at the Paris Exhibition, their exhibits including one of the pattern now on order for the London Brigade.

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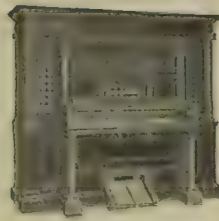
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Labour-saving thought has been a little late in reaching music, although competent observers have long foreseen that eventually some form of automatic instruments would come to do the work of human fingers. The new direction of pianism is towards playing with the brain and feelings instead of with fingers only, which is all that a hopeless majority of players ever attain to.

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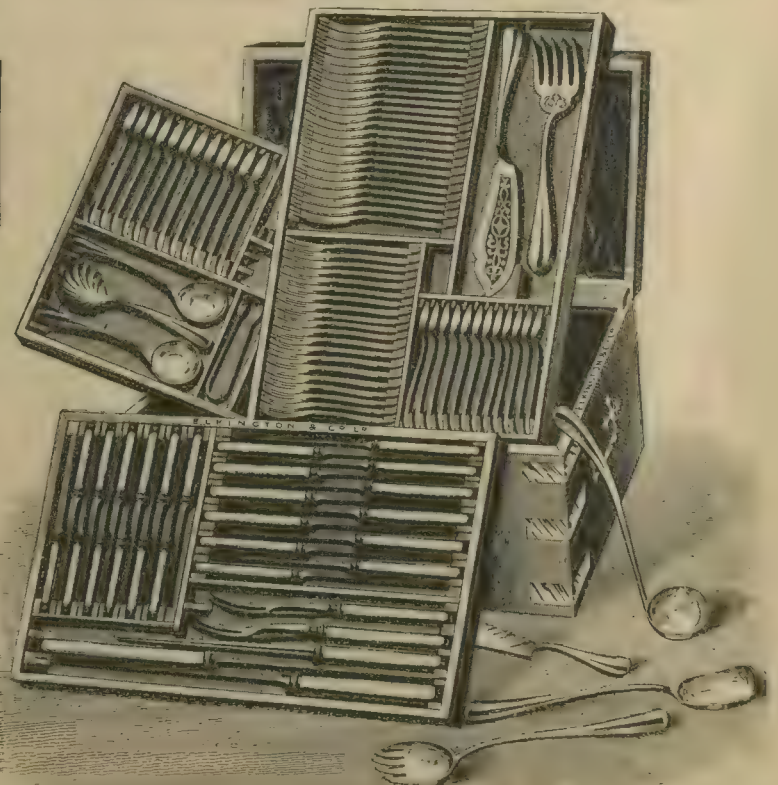
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THE PRINCE'S ST. LEGER.

The Doncaster September Meeting gave the Prince of Wales yet another of those Turf triumphs to which he is by now no stranger. Persimmon brought him "the blue ribbon of the Turf," but no enthusiasm, even at Epsom, could outdo that exhibited in Yorkshire on the Wednesday of last week, when the St. Leger Stakes were won by Diamond Jubilee. Yorkshiremen can do many things well, and cheering is one of them. The public had made a favourite of the Prince's horse in advance, and the betting was seven to two on its success when the race began. A great crowd was on the course—so great a crowd that, when they dispersed, 178 trains were despatched within three hours from Doncaster Station. The Duke of Cambridge came over from Kensington with Sir George Wombwell's party; and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, with Lord and Lady Sayle, from Rufford Abbey. Large parties were also brought by Lord and Lady Halifax, Lord and Lady Galway, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson from Tranby Croft. The Prince of Wales's colt had never looked better—in fact, it looked so well that even Lord Durham's Mardi made a poor show beside it; and the expert expected—what he did not quite get—a "one-horse" race. The favourite took the lead very early in the race; and at the turn into the straight he was three lengths in front. Then Courlan and Elopement improved their positions; and for a moment there was an idea of the sensational scratching of the victory, after all, by Mr. W. Low's last-named colt. But this was not to be; and in the result Diamond Jubilee won quite comfortably by a length and half. This is the fourth winner of the St. Leger that claims St. Simon as a sire. Diamond Jubilee, who was bred by the Prince at the Sandringham Stud, made his first appearance on a racecourse at Ascot last year in the Coventry Stakes, and was a favourite for the July Stakes at Newmarket, where his bad temper



DIAMOND JUBILEE, THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER, OWNED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

gave his rider a fall, but did not destroy the public expectation, now fulfilled, that he would prove a worthy brother to Persimmon.

Messrs. Besley and Co. of Exeter have published a third edition of the "Devonshire and Cornish Stories" of Mr. W. S. Pasmore. The present volume contains several new tales, which are not less amusing than their predecessors or less admirably representative of West of England life and character. The author, a Devonian himself, understands very thoroughly the people of the two counties, among whom his earlier years were passed; and since the lamented Nathan Hogg, no one has so well shown them expressing their own ways of thinking in their own dialects.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1898) of Mr. Samuel Outram Hermon, of The Cliffe, Wybunbury, Nantwich, and Inverloddon, Wargrave, Berks, who died on June 20, was proved on Sept. 6 by Mrs. Charlotte Caroline Hermon, the widow, and Thomas Algernon Earle, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £192,235. The testator bequeaths £2000, his leasehold premises, The Cliffe, with the furniture and effects therein and the use of Inverloddon, to his wife; an annuity of £250 to his mother, Mrs. Sally Hermon; £250 each to his executors; £100 to his brother Percy Hermon; £500 to his sister Mrs. Sally Ann Circuit; £100 each to his sister Mrs. Adeline Ryan and her five children; and £100 to his niece Muriel Hermon. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he gives Inverloddon and the contents to his son John Victor. The residue of his property he leaves as to five thirtieths each, upon trust, for his children, John Victor, Horace Vincent, Ethel, and Violet, and ten thirtieths, upon trust, for his wife during her widowhood, and then as to three tenths each to his two sons, and two tenths each to his two daughters.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1897), with three codicils (dated Nov. 3, 1897, Aug. 18, 1898, and Aug. 6, 1900), of Mr. John James Aubertin, of Langton House, Shooters' Hill Road, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 10 by John Beaton and John Gordon, the executors, the value of the estate being £108,213. The testator gives his shares in the London and Brazilian Bank and the London and River Plate Bank, and his silver, to his nephews Colonel Peter Aubertin and John Dunn Aubertin; £5000 debentures of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Company, upon trust, for each of his nieces Mary Aubertin and Dorothy Aubertin, and for Mary Watson and Ann Watson; and £500 of such debentures, upon trust, for his niece Muriel Aubertin; his shares of the Buenos Ayres and Great Southern Railway to his niece Mrs. Henrietta Watson; an annuity of £300 to his brother Edward

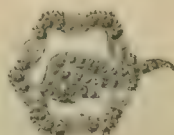
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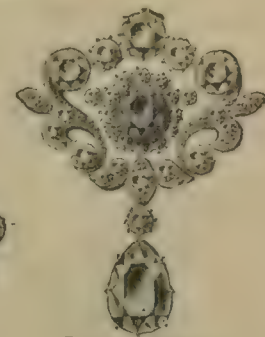
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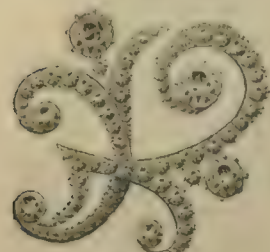
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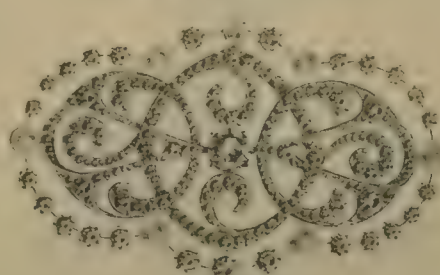
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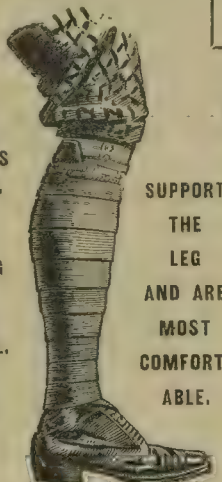


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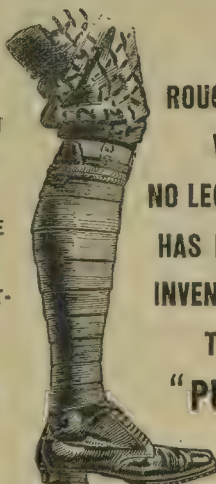
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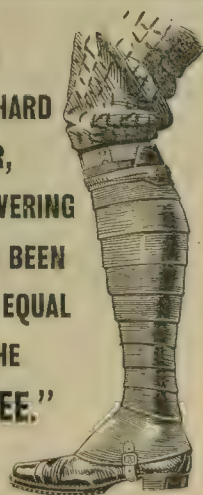
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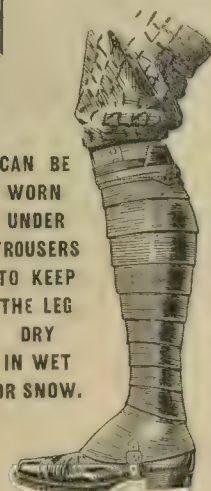
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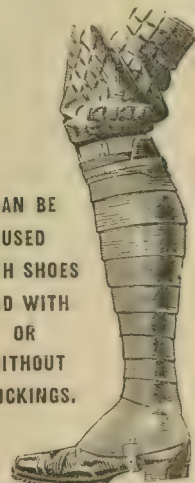
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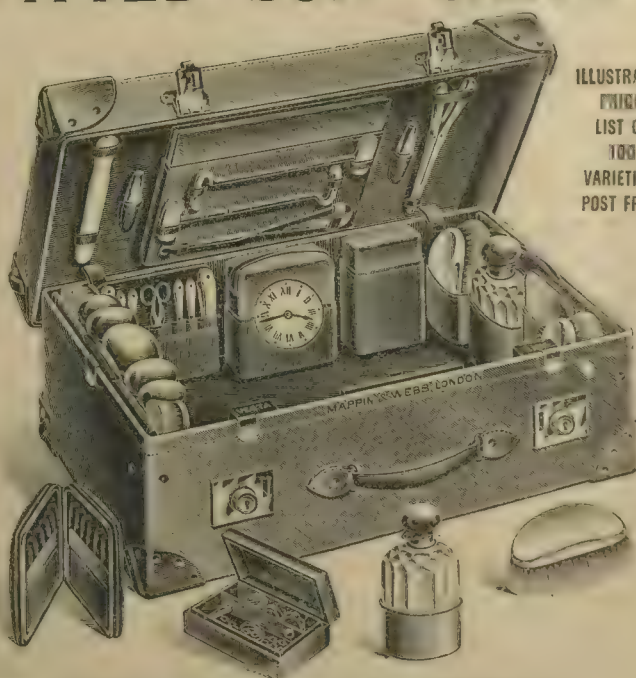
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Aubertin; the income of his shares in the *Graphic* to his brothers Paul and Edmund; £100 each to his sisters Charlotte and Henrietta; £200 each to his executors; and other legacies. The residue he leaves to his nephews.

The will (dated July 17, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 3, 1891), of Mr. Alfred William Hounsell Dammers,

the sons, and Harold Chamberlain, the executors, the value of the estate being £55,073. The testator gives The Grange, Martham, upon trust, for his son William Gladstone for life, and then for his children; £5000, upon trust, for his son Sydney; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. May Boughton; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law Mrs.

The residue of his property he leaves to his children who shall survive him.

The will (dated June 3, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 11, 1889), of Mr. Thomas Paed, Royal Academician, of 24A, Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 8 by Alexander Handal Ballantyne, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £36,199. The testator gives £500 to Elizabeth Oxley; an annuity of £200 to Mrs. Jane Turner during her widowhood, or of £100 in the event of her remarriage; £5000, upon trust, for Maria Alma Wilson; and £100 to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son John Francis Paed.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1900) of Mr. Samuel Gradwell, of Manchester, and Holmes Chapel, Chester, who died on June 27, was proved on Sept. 8 by Elliott Lomax Lord, Archibald Lindley, and Tom Phillippson, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £48,950. The testator gives £1000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £500 each to the Children's Hospital at Pendlebury, the Railway Servants' Orphanage, Derby, and the Devonshire Hospital, Buxton; £200 to the Northern Counties Supplementary Hospital for Chronic and Incurable Diseases; and £100 each to the Manchester Night Asylum, Deansgate, the Sunday Schools at St. Paul's,



THE PRESENTATION OF A QUEEN'S MUFFER.

J.P., D.L., of Downe Hall, Bridport, Dorset, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 10 at the Blandford District Registry by Mrs. Hebe Julia Annette Dammers, the widow, Charles George Nantes, and Thomas Alfred Colfox, the executors, the value of the estate being £101,503. The testator gives £200 and his household effects and jewels to his wife; £100 each to Charles George Nantes and Thomas Alfred Colfox; £200 to his brother Captain Charles John Dammers; and legacies to his three god-sons. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one half thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or of £5000 in the event of her again marrying, and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 3, 1890) of Mr. Henry William Ulph, of 18, Princes Road, Great Yarmouth, who died on June 10, was proved on Aug. 8 at the Norwich District Registry by William Gladstone Ulph and Sydney Ulph,



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Stella Ulph, the wife of his deceased son Henry, during her widowhood, and then for her children Stella and Henry; £2000 each, upon trust, for his said grandchildren Stella and Henry; £5000 and a house at Clapham, upon trust, for the five children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Emily Gooch North, his "Croxtan Park Cup" and "Victoria Billiard Cup" to his son William Gladstone; and a few small legacies.

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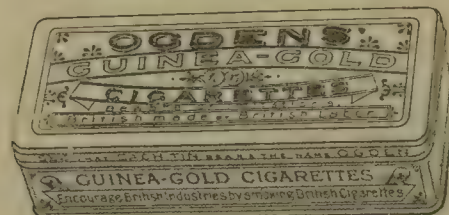
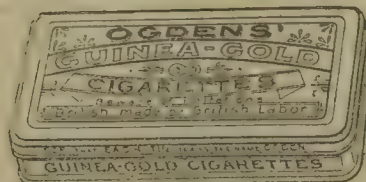
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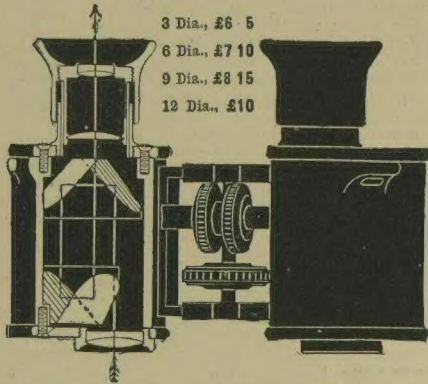
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programme must have pleased even so experienced a critic as Mr. Sankey. His chief engagement this week has been at the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. There has been a rumour that this is Mr. Sankey's last visit to England, but I understand he has formed no definite resolution on the subject.

The Bishop of Southwark and Lady Barbara Yeatman-Biggs have returned to Dartmouth House from a three weeks' holiday in Switzerland.

There is no truth in the story that Dr. Alexander MacLaren of Manchester purposes to spend the winter in Egypt.

The Rev. Charles Inwood, a Methodist minister who has lately returned from Northern China, has been speaking of the comparative isolation of the S.P.G. in the mission field, while the C.M.S., he says, works cordially with missionaries of other denominations. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Bishop of Ripon takes a different view. Speaking at the Ripon branch of the S.P.G. he referred to the sympathy existing between that

society and the C.M.S., which he considered a very hopeful sign. The Bishop thinks that there is room in the mission-field for varying methods, and that the great societies should co-operate heartily with one another.

Dean Farrar has been visiting his friend Canon Fleming at the Residency House, York.

A fund has been opened in Liverpool for the erection of a bust of the late Bishop Ryle, to be placed in the Ryle Library of the new Victoria Church House, which will form a combined memorial to Dr. Ryle and a thank-offering in connection with the Queen's Jubilee. The late Bishop had long desired to erect a Church House in Liverpool, and contributed to its cost with characteristic liberality. The first section of the house is now nearly ready for use, but for the completion of the buildings £20,000 is needed.

The *Church Times* attacks Miss Corelli's new novel, "The Master Christian"; but while the book itself filled the reviewer with "a disgust occasionally approaching to anger," the appendix is admitted to be a powerful restorative of good-humour. The appendix, as readers of the

work will remember, gives a list of "Pagan practices" permitted by the Bishops of the Church of England.

One of the best known and most widely respected of Indian native ministers is the Rev. Dennis Osborne, who has lately been visiting Lord Curzon. Mr. Osborne is coming to London for a month's work on behalf of the sufferers from famine, and is likely to address at least one important meeting at Exeter Hall.

The populous and rapidly growing town of Keighley is to have more churches. The Bishop of Ripon has appointed a committee of fourteen clergymen and laymen to select sites in its more necessitous districts. Keighley is in the heart of the Brontë country, and within an easy walk of Haworth.

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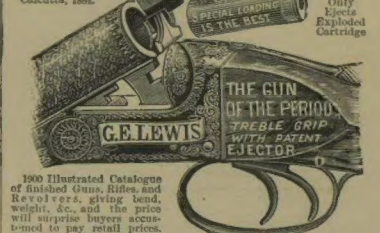
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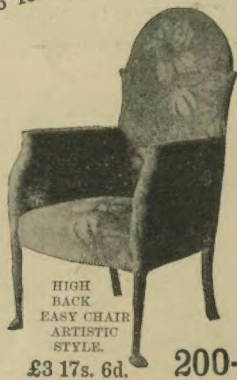
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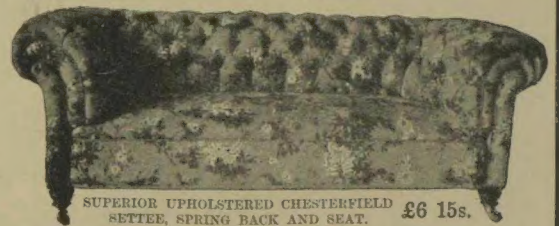
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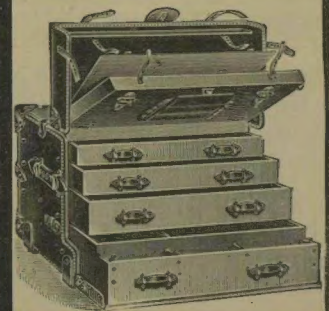
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